

From Fraser's Magazine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE AS MAN, POET, ESSAYIST.*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was born on the 19th of September, 1796, at Clevedon, near Bristol, a little village which has a threefold claim upon the affection of all who love English poetry, that is, of true Englishmen, as the residence of the first and greatest Coleridge, the birthplace of his son, and, above all, as the final resting-place of him whose untimely death has been bewailed in the grandest and sweetest lament ever sung by poet over grave. There, too, but a few months back, were laid the remains of one who, rivalling his brother in great and good qualities, met like him an early death—one more example of hope blighted, of promise unfulfilled, one more manifestation of that mysterious Providence, whose ways baffle our ken, and leave nothing for the best and wisest of us, but, laden with cares and doubts, to fall suppliant—

Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.

Our sorrow for the loss of those two noble brothers is deepened and doubled by the thought of what they might have been—but for inexorable fate.

So it is with the subject of the memoir before us. What might he have been but for opportunities neglected, and gifts abused? *Their sun went down 'ere noon*; his sun struggled on through cloud and storm to eventide. We all know the proverb, *nil mali de mortuis*; a better and truer reading would be, *nil falsi de mortuis*. There has never been a life lived or written which did not contain ensamples to follow, and warnings to avoid; and as it is our duty to the dead to set down naught in malice, so it is our duty to the living to extenuate nothing. We would fain speak of the failings and short-comings of the departed with all affection and all humility, affection for him who has "dreed the bitter drole," and humility to think that we ourselves share the same nature, and may fall into the same errors. The habits and traditions of social life may excuse falsehood, and gloss it over with a finer name, but courtesy is dumb when brought face to face with Death. Of all lies none so foul as a lying epitaph; none, indeed, so purposeless, for the survivors believe it not, and the dead cares not for our praise or blame, seeing that his good and bad deeds have been weighed once for all by unerring justice and infinite mercy.

Never was infant heir to the throne of Saint Louis, or the throne of Alfred, honored with more poetic incense than was the little Hartley Coleridge, heir to a famous name and dowered with a fatal infirmity. His father speaks repeatedly of him, and to him, with all a father's pride in his first-born—"his 'dear babe,' his 'babe so beautiful.'" And in a vein of true prophecy—

But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

* *Poems by Hartley Coleridge*; with a Memoir of his Life by his Brother. Two Vols. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

Essays and Marginalia. By Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

CCCLXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXX. 10

Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes, and shores,
And mountain crags.

And again—

I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate.

A few years later, Wordsworth addressed to the child of his friend the tender and graceful verses beginning—

O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion, and the self-born carol.

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Nor did he want for hopes, and wishes, and prayers, couched in plain prose. Lamb over and over again sends his love—a love worth the sending—to "dear, dear little Hartley;" and exhorts his father so to train him that he may be worthy of his Christian name.

In his childhood he was unlike other children, just as in his boyhood he was unlike other boys, and in his manhood unlike other men. His birth had been premature, hence came, in all probability, the weakness of his frame, and the smallness of his stature. Conscious of physical imperfection, he avoided the rough sports of children; conscious of singularity, he shrank from their ridicule, and was best pleased to wander "like a breeze" alone among the woods and fields, to be the playmate of Nature, who ever treats her playmates gently and lovingly. Such habits would, of course tend to develop the fancy unduly at the expense of the more solid qualities; thus fostering what was perhaps an innate defect. His mother used to tell, "that when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed, 'Oh! now I know what the stars are—they are the lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven.'"

Thus, when a baby in arms, a mother's instinct recognized in him the future poet; so, when a child in petticoats, a father's pride discerned the actual metaphysician. We quote from a diary kept by a friend of the elder Coleridge, and sent to Hartley's biographer:—

C. related some curious anecdotes of his son Hartley, whom he represented to be a most remarkable child—a deep thinker in his infancy. He tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems that equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and pleasures did not distract his attention. Hartley, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley. "Which Hartley?" asked the boy. "Why! is there more than one Hartley?" "Yes," he replied, "there 's a deal of Hartleys." "How so?" "There 's Picture-Hartley, (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him,) and Shadow-Hartley, and there 's Echo-Hartley, and there 's Catch-me-fast-Hartley;" at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly—an action which shows that his mind must have been

drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery—viz., that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one.

At the same early age, continued Coleridge, Hartley used to be in agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some said to him, "It is not now, but it is to be." "But," said he, "if it is to be it is." Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the imperfection of language. Hartley, when a child, had no pleasure in things; they made no impression on him till they had undergone a process in his mind, and were become thoughts or feelings. *Of his subsequent progress Coleridge said little or nothing.*

The last sentence is significant. In truth, he seems to have abandoned metaphysics about the time he was breeched, and to have betaken himself to historical studies after a fashion of his own. He created for himself a kingdom, an island on some undiscovered sea, which he called by the marvellous name of Ejuxria. During his lonely walks he occupied himself in devising a history thereof; he fought battles, and conducted sieges, negotiated treaties and alliances, and rehearsed debates in the senate. This seems to have been the chief business of his life for years. One day, a lady, observing him to be unusually depressed in spirits, asked him the reason; he then confided to her that it was because, in spite of all his advice, his people (the Ejuxrians to wit) would go to war. Sometimes he would come to his brother, with a face of grave importance, and say—"Derwent, I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria;" and then proceed to recount, in the most fluent manner, the condition of public affairs according to the last advices. His brother adds, that he was a most firm believer in his own inventions, and continued to inhabit his ideal world, so long, that it assumed in his mind an equal consistency with the real, till at last he became quite incapable of distinguishing truth from fiction.

Mr. Derwent Coleridge very rightly gives us all the details of this singular propensity, not only because they are important to his immediate subject, but because they afford an interesting study for the lovers of child-nature. All children who are forbidden by their rank, education, or clean pinafores, to make dirt-pies, indulge in the building of air-castles; but we never knew or heard of so persevering an architect as young Hartley. The child is father of the man; and we have little doubt that, thirty years after, when, as we have often seen him, lazily creeping along a hedge side, and ever and anon starting off at a sharp angle for a run on the open common, he was still managing tardy negotiations, or gaining brilliant victories for the Ejuxrians. Unquestionably, such a habit proceeded from, and aggravated, the dreamy, wayward, flighty character which distinguished him through life, rendering continuous thought distasteful, and hard study all but impossible. Unfortunately, his inherent and growing defects were not counteracted by any wholesome discipline. His father, though of a most affectionate and loving nature, and tenderly attached to his children, spent little of his time at home—always roaming, as he was, in search of some chimera, such as improved health in the south of Europe, or Unitarian congregations in the west of England. So the boy was left at his own will to play truant in Ejuxria. Since 1800 he had resided, in the body at least, near Keswick. There, a few years later, Southey also came to live. The two families occupied one

house (Mrs. Southey and Mrs. Coleridge being sisters). The Laureate appears to have stood in *loco parentis* to his nephews, though he could have had but scant time for the office. There is a charming letter of his addressed, in 1807, to little Hartley, full of good advice couched in fun. He was wont to call the boy "Job," on account of his impatience. This year was, as his brother tells us, the *annus mirabilis* of his life—being that in which he was taken to London to see all its wonders, and among them the most wondrous of all to an imaginative child—the theatre. "Our first play" is an epoch in life which dwells in the memory more than any other, except, perhaps, our first wedding. What Hartley there saw colored all his day dreams for years afterwards. We cannot doubt but that he established a theatre royal forthwith in the capital of Ejuxria. At that time he was introduced to, and noticed by, Scott and Davy, and had the honor of sitting to Sir David Wilkie for the portrait which is prefixed to the memoir. It must have been a faithful likeness, for we can trace the lineaments and expression of the man as he appeared thirty years later. We recognize no resemblance whatever in the frontispiece to the essays. He would be no common artist who, while strictly adhering to the external form, should be able to catch and stereotype the fitting ray of thought and intelligence which, ever and anon, gave dignity to that mean stature, and beauty to those irregular features. But we are anticipating. His school days were spent at Ambleside, under the care of a kind, but eccentric master; a man of vigorous northern understanding, but deficient in graceful accomplishments; altogether, not the person best qualified to train candidates for the Oxford race.

Hartley could not, or would not, join in the active sports of his school-fellows; but, on the other hand, he contributed to their amusement of nights by telling them interminable stories. He would, therefore, be alternately the object of caresses and bullying—his natural sensitiveness making him yield to the one, and his physical weakness incapacitating him from resisting the other. Sometimes, in a paroxysm of rage, he would vent his fury on himself by biting his arm—thus making himself an object of contempt and ridicule. All this would certainly not tend to increase his self-respect, or develop his powers of self-command. Perhaps the wider field and ruder discipline of a public school might have brought out his latent faculties, corrected his outward extravagancies, and prepared him for the coming struggle at the University—the struggle which has to be maintained against rivals without and tempters within. A man who has been at a great public school commences the drama of life with the advantage of a previous rehearsal.

At all events, the besetting sin of Hartley's youth—vanity, would hardly have survived the rude ordeal. As it was, he went up to Oxford at nineteen, with an overweening sense of his own powers; so that, when he failed in obtaining the prize for English verse, his disappointment was intense, out of all proportion to the occasion. To this his brother traces all the misfortunes of his after-life; for he betook himself to the worst of comforters, the bottle. Unhappily, also, his name and great conversational talents made him a sort of lion, and many people sought his acquaintance and asked him to wine-parties for the purpose of hearing him talk. He must, however, have read between whiles, for he finally got a second class,

and, a year or two later, was elected to an Oriel fellowship, having passed the examination with great *éclat*. The election, however, was made conditional on good behavior, and a year was assigned as the period of probation. But, alas! the habit of intemperance had become so confirmed, that the greatest of earthly inducements failed to conquer it. At the end of the year the fellowship was pronounced to be forfeited, and poor Hartley was turned adrift upon the great sea, with no adequate means, and no definite prospects.

The "Dons" of Oriel behaved throughout with delicacy and kindness; they generously made him a present of 300*l.*, which, however seasonable, was yet to Hartley a poor substitute for the life-long independence and learned leisure which he had forfeited. He retired to the scene of his childhood and youth, "to wait for an opening," as the phrase is. But the opening never comes to those who merely wait. All the feeble efforts poor Hartley made to get on in life failed to move him a step, and each successive year left him just where it found him, with lessening hopes and growing sorrows.

The fearful disease (for disease it was) which palsied all his efforts has already been mentioned; and if we dwell upon its deplorable symptoms and effects, we do so because truth requires it, and in the hope of drawing a useful and impressive lesson. The less we adorn the tale, the better we point the moral. Hartley was often an object of wondering pity, but never sank into utter contempt. Wine always tempted, often mastered, but never enslaved him. He drank of the cup of Circe, and slept—but woke, a man still; for he never lost the sense of shame and remorse. Innumerable were the good resolutions which he made of a morning, to be broken ere night; now and then he had a prolonged interval of abstinence, too often followed by more reckless indulgence. Sometimes, after an unexpected windfall, he would disappear for days, or even weeks, baffling all search, and as suddenly return to his old haunts, lean, rent, and beggared. In the fragments of a diary preserved in the memoir, we find most touching and pathetic self-accusations. The mournful burden, "what I might have been," recurs again and again, and even when unexpressed, we can trace by implication the presence of the thought. The place which he had chosen for his residence threw temptations in his way. He had become one of the lions of the lake country, and the summer visitors were ever ready to give him a dinner on condition of his keeping the table in a roar. His especial allies were the Oxonians or Cantabs who came to Ambleside by way of reading, young fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaining no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars. He was, however, very catholic in his choice of friends. "*Noscitur a sociis*" was a test which could never have been applied to him; indeed, he was never happier than when attending a country wake. Every boor made him welcome after the hearty Westmoreland fashion, and he had the art of adapting his conversation, and even his rhymes, to the taste and capacity of the most rustic audience. His fame stood very high among the peasantry, and we venture to say, that for one who had heard of the poet Wordsworth, there were ten who had listened with open-mouthed delight to the poet Hartley. Many are the stories which his humble friends and neighbors have to tell of his freaks and misadventures. One of them relates how the mischievous sprite, John Barleycorn, once

caused him to mistake a ditch hard by a cloth-dyer's mill for his own bed, and how, when he rose in the morning, the under-side of his face was dyed a rich Kendal green, "warranted fast."

Some of his admirers of all classes were heartless enough to amuse themselves by playing upon his simplicity, and ministering to his master-weakness. But these, we would fain hope, were rare exceptions. If ever there was a man whose frailty was entitled to pity, forbearance, and almost respect, that man was Hartley Coleridge. The bitterness engendered by early disappointments had joined with manifold seductions in fostering that infirmity to which persons of his temperament are peculiarly liable; those persons, we mean, in whose mind the imaginative element unduly preponderates. Such men have their fits of joyous excitement succeeded by fits of lassitude and depression, with a violence of reaction quite unknown to those of the ordinary and more sober constitution. In stormy seas, the trough of the wave sinks as far below the usual level as the crest rises above. In these periods of depression, there ensues a craving for some fictitious stimulus, a temporary relief which aggravates the evil. Add to this, poets—for those of whom we speak are poets *in esse* or *in posse*—are generally endowed with an exquisite nervous organization, and, by consequence, an eager relish for sensuous pleasure; when they are also blessed with healthy digestion and muscular strength, their animalism expends itself in some vigorous exercise, field sports, or mountain climbing; when from physical weakness this is impossible, it finds another vent. How many names among those who have worthily found a niche in our English temple of the Muses must occur to every one as illustrations of this humiliating truth! The busy fiend that tempts men to the sin of intemperance loves to take up his abode in the best garnished soul, and when he has established himself, he opens the door to all the avenging furies.

The latter half of Hartley's life was scarcely marked by change of place, or variety of incident. He resided first at Grasmere, and afterwards in a cottage on the banks of Rydal water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who took care of him. The affectionate admiration with which they regarded him should be recorded to the credit and honor of both parties. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wordsworth watched over him like a kindly fairy, and ministered to his comforts unseen. It was she who disbursed for him the little income allotted for his support, Hartley never troubling his head about the matter, and, indeed, as we believe, being perfectly ignorant whether he had anything to live upon or not. One day, a friend asked him how much rent he paid to his landlady. "Rent?" he repeated with a puzzled air; "rent? I never thought of that." Whenever Mrs. Wordsworth saw that his coat was getting threadbare, or out at elbows, a new one was ordered and substituted for the old while he was in bed. Hartley would put it on without making any remark, or, indeed, observing the change. This infantine simplicity in money matters contrasts oddly with his acute perception in things pertaining to literature and criticism. He gives us a subtle analysis of the character of Hamlet, and guesses shrewdly at the creed and politics of Shakspeare, yet we venture to say that he would have been utterly puzzled to explain the words, "receipt," "endorse," &c., and would not have attempted to determine what the interest of 100*l.* at 5 per cent. per annum would come to at

the year's end. His pocket-money was doled out to him shilling by shilling, as if he were a child; and, indeed, a child he was in such matters to the end of his days. To procure a little loan on a thirsty morning, he would employ the most innocent artifices, imposing upon nobody but himself. A friend of ours spending a summer at Ambleside became very intimate with him. One day, Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering to repay it next day. Accordingly, he came, made a long call, talking as he was wont, of dead-and-gone English poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." At last, he rose to go, had got his hand on the door: "By the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling," (ransacking his pockets.) Then, with an air of surprise, "No! I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blushing, "And—and—would you lend me another?" Having got the shilling, off he went at full speed. Every successive call, the scene was repeated, in the self-same words. How gladly would we have bought an hour's talk with poor Hartley at the same price! His knowledge of our literature, especially the dramatic and poetical, was both extensive and profound, and he was no niggard in the communication of it. He had a keen appreciation of tenderness and pathos, and could never hear the "May Queen" sung without shedding tears. No less keen was his sense of the ludicrous; he chuckled, shrieked, rolled, and revelled, in his reminiscences of Shakespeare's Dogberrys and Launcelots. His tastes were very catholic, and he never compared one poet *invidiously* with another. He never encouraged a battle among his books, but made Milton and Wordsworth, Spenser and Southey, dwell side by side, like brethren. His criticisms, the result of much thought, were in general strikingly just; only, in particular cases, personal affection led him to set undue value upon modern writers, and when talking for the behoof of a large company, he would be sometimes tempted away from the truth by an epigrammatic paradox. On such occasions one was always disposed to echo the praise of the Westmoreland peasant, "Eh! but Maister Coleridge do talk fine!" but when he had only a single auditor, and poured out his whole heart without any desire of display, his talk was something much better than "fine." Like his father, he required nothing but a pleased and patient listener. "Charles," said the elder Coleridge one day to his friend Elia, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I ne-ne-never heard you d-d-d-do anything else," stuttered Elia, in reply. Would that half of our preachers now-a-days had either Coleridge's fluency to help them on, or Elia's stammer to stop them altogether!

It should be added, that Hartley's judgments were occasionally affirmed or reversed (in his own court) according to his humor. Now, he would extol Wordsworth as the equal of Milton—an opinion which he has recorded in print—now he would quiz and parody him. Once he said that the best of his father's poems were but good juvenile poems, after all; though his filial love would have been up in arms if any one else had said so.

When in the mood of fooling, he was irresistibly comic; not that his sayings would appear funny in themselves, if unaccompanied with the recollection of the tone and manner in which they were said. For instance, apropos of something or other in the conversation, he would assume a contemptuous, six-foot-high air, and say, "I hate little men; they are so conceited." This is not a good story when told;

it is scarcely even a joke; but to those who saw and heard little Hartley deliver himself of the sentiment, the effect was a violent, instantaneous, and universal convulsion of the midriff.

In the spring of 1837, he went for a few months to Sedbergh school, to supply the place of second master—an important event this, in his monotonous life. Sedbergh is a small poverty-stricken market-town, situated in one of the valleys which intersect the bleak swelling moorlands of North-Western Yorkshire. There Edward the Sixth founded a school, which, though small in numbers, has supplied Cambridge with some of her best mathematicians and her famous Professor of Geology. Hartley was well fitted for his office by his knowledge and love of classical authors. He discharged his duties with diligence, and, in other respects, conducted himself with great discretion.

Mr. Blackburne, one of the then pupils, has recorded some characteristic traits in a letter to Mr. Derwent Coleridge (page 115 of the Memoir.) "I first saw Hartley," he says, "when I was at Sedbergh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's (the second master's) parlor. He was dressed in black, his hair, just touched with gray, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick authoritative 'right, right!' and the chuckle with which he translated 'recum repetundarum' as 'peculation, a very common vice in governors of all ages,' after which he took a turn round the sofa—struck me amazingly. * * * I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of *μοῦρα ἢ μοῦρα*, 'toiling and moiling;' and some ship or other in the Philoctetes which he pronounced to be 'scudding under main-top-sails,' our conceptions became intelligible. * * * Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields, with his arms outstretched, talking to himself. He was remarkably fond of the travelling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple pleasures of country life he was like a child."

On the 29th of May, the boys having been for some reason balked of the expected holiday, revenged themselves by "stripping the hollows bare of spring," and adorning the school-room with extemporized arbors, pleasant to the eye, but as obstructive as might be to the business of the afternoon. Among other devices, the largest bough was set up tree-wise by Hartley's desk, and the exercises which awaited his perusal were suspended on the topmost twigs, well out of his reach. Hartley, however, contrived, by getting on a bench and using a hooked stick, to filch them down, and many were the jokes that he vented on the exercise-tree, and its unripe fruit. The mischievous boys had anticipated a storm; they found sunshine; and Hartley was a double favorite ever after.

About this time, a new church was constituted in the upper part of the valley of Dent. The people flocked from far and near. After the canonical ceremonies, Professor Sedgwick, who happened to be there, got on a heap of stones, and addressed the crowd in that unstudied eloquence which, as it came straight from the heart of the speaker, went straight to the hearts of the hearers. Among them stood Hartley looking up with moistened eye. He had

found his way over the hills some eight miles on foot. He has commemorated the professor and his birthplace in a sonnet each, (vol. ii., page 266.)

When his services were no longer needed at Sedbergh, he returned to his old abode, and never again, so far as we know, left it till he left for home. He died on the 6th of January, 1849, cheered by the presence and ministrations of his brother. What words so fit as his wherein to tell the tale!

He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance. Of his state of mind it will be sufficient to say, that it was such as might have been looked for by those who knew him, and loved him well—gentle, humble, loving, devout. His time was passed either in religious exercises, or in the most searching self-communion. A few days before his death he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, having named a friend whose presence and participation he desired on this occasion; and again, after the last struggle had commenced, his eye resting on another friend, with whom of latter years he had been much associated, he requested him to join with him in the last expressions of hope and faith. It was so that he bade him farewell. His sorrowing friends, with whom he had so long been domesticated, and his young friend, Dr. Green, who never left him night or day, were also present.

In these last hours he took a clear review of his past life, his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession, I can only repeat, that it justified the most favorable construction that could be put upon the past, and the most consolatory hope which could be formed for the future.

Wordsworth, his constant friend and counsellor, who had stood by his cradle as now he stood by his coffin, was deeply affected. He directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself. "Let him lie by us—he would have wished it."

The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the church-yard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave,* he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there!" pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, "Keep the ground for us—we are old people, and it cannot be for long."

In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.

The entrance to the churchyard from the north is by a lych-gate, under which you pass to the village school. Possibly this thought may have been in my brother's mind, and an image of this quiet resting-place in his mind's eye, when he penned the following characteristic observations on the choice of a grave.

*This arrangement was afterwards slightly modified.

In an odd number of the "London Magazine," I find the following remarks written in the margin:—

"I have no particular choice of a churchyard, but I would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better. But all this must be as He will. I am greatly pleased with the fancy of Anaxagoras, whose sole request of the people of Lamp-sacus was, that the children might have a holiday on the anniversary of his death. But I would have the holiday on the day of my funeral. I would connect the happiness of childhood with the peace of the dead, not with the struggles of the dying."

It was a winter's day when my brother was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, as I noted at the time, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory!

With all our heart, we add, Amen. And hundreds who knew and loved him will echo this his brother's affectionate farewell. We feel half ashamed at having set down anything of a slight nature in juxtaposition with the solemn passages just quoted; yet by so doing we best represent the image of Hartley as it remains impressed on our own mind—a strange compound of sad and glad; like one of the fitful summer days so frequent among his own mountains, when the blinding rack and mist gave place to brief sunshine, which by its own subtle alchemy turns the rain-drops on the churchyard grass into jewels. Now for him the rack and the mist have passed away forever—may a like unbroken sunshine "rest upon his memory!"

For the brief sketch we have thus attempted to give, we have drawn materials partly from our own recollection, partly from hearsay, and partly from the Memoir before us. In this last, Mr. Derwent Coleridge has performed a difficult and delicate task, honestly, manfully, and well. On the one hand, there was the risk that natural affection might lead him to gloss over his brother's failings as a man, and exaggerate his merits as an author; on the other hand, to have assumed the air of an impartial, unconcerned critic would have marred the whole work with affectation. Between these opposite dangers he has steered his course safely; need we say that in all future ventures, as in this, we heartily bid him God-speed! In one respect only he labors under disqualification, as his brother's biographer. For the last thirty years of Hartley's life the two brothers had seldom, if ever, met, and had no confidential communication. When at last they did meet, it was at the summons, and in the presence of death. Hence the details of Hartley's latter life are few and meagre. Why did not the writer associate in his task some one who had known him and loved him in recent days—Mr. Thomas Blackburne, for instance, whose Boswell-like letters are about the most lively and graphic passages in the book, and who, if the stanzas in page 183, signed T. B., are indeed his, is one in every way worthy to be the heart's brother to a poet!

Of the editor's judgment in selection, we cannot speak, seeing that we have not the pieces rejected to compare with the pieces published; but we have all confidence in the critical taste of a Coleridge.

The pieces now before us are to be regarded rather as disjointed tokens of undeveloped powers, than combining portions of an accomplished whole

—glittering fragments of Venice Crystal, showing what the vase might have been ere it was burst and shattered by the poison.

With the exception of "Leonard and Susan," a pretty, simple tale, and "Prometheus"—a dramatic fragment, whose unfinished state we cannot regret, the theme demanding an Æschylus not a Theocritus—all the poems here published come under the head of "occasional." And few indeed were the occasions which Hartley did not seize to hang his rhymes upon. A stuffed humming-bird, a painted parrot, an old arm-chair, a cat, a cuckoo, and even a red herring, are each and all celebrated in song or sonnet. He was the laureate of the lake-country, ready to commemorate in verse the domestic joys or sorrows of every family in the neighborhood; whether it were the poet Wordsworth's seventy-fifth birthday, or "the death of Thomas Jackson, late of Low-Wood Inn, who died by a fall from an apple-tree." But chiefly he affects the sonnet, and sings of and to himself. Indeed, all his poems are intensely subjective. No matter what the original theme, when he had once taken and turned it in his own unique brain, it reappears in a manufactured state, with the impress of unmistakable individuality. *H. C. fecit.* Be the occasion what it may, sad or cheerful, Hartley's song is always pitched in much the same key. His laments are interrupted by embryo jests, and his gratulations dashed with forebodings of evil. So the resulting poem is like the expression on Hartley's dear old face, something between a laugh and a cry. For he was a perverse condensation of Democritus and Heraclitus, inclined, on the whole, to be sad at a christening and merry at a funeral.

Yet there are exceptions to the rule. Not a few of the poems before us preserve throughout a tone uniform and consistent with their epigraph. And this we are glad to say is especially the case in the poems of a religious cast. Hartley's step was never uneven nor his course wayward when he trod on holy ground. Take, for instance, the following sonnet addressed to "Martha H—."

Martha, thy maiden foot is still so light,
It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows,
And yet I ween that busily it goes
In duty's path from happy morn to night.
Thy dimpled cheek is gay, and softly bright
As the first beauty of the mossy rose;
Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,
And native red contend with piteous white.
Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,
And Jesus gently did the maid reprove
For too much haste to show her eager love.
But blest is she that may be so reproved.
Be Martha still in deed and good endeavor,
In faith like Mary, at His feet forever.

And this, which, written in the last year of his life, worthily closes the book—

MULTUM DILEXIT.

She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date,
Only the sin remained—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.

I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

In turning over these volumes for the second time, we find that we have marked some thirty sonnets for unqualified praise and entire quotation, but such abuse of the reviewer's privilege the laws of *Fraser* forbid. We therefore perforce forbear, and refer our readers to the volumes themselves. It appears to us that the following are of conspicuous excellence. In vol. i., the sonnets numbered 1, 4, 7, 9, 12, 16, (though this last is too purely descriptive to square with our ideal of a "sonnet,") 18, 22, 23, 33. And in vol. ii. those numbered 2, 3, 8, (marred, however, by an Alexandrine in the middle,) 10, 12, 13, 19, 26, 28, 37, 48, 51, 54. The sonnets on the Seasons in the same volume are one and all quaintly pretty. Of the rest, that yeclipt the "Cuckoo," and that addressed "To a deaf and dumb little girl," are conceived in his happiest vein.

We are indebted to an old friend for a sonnet by Hartley, never before published, which, if not in his very best manner, illustrates the facility with which this disciple of Wordsworth put in practice the master's principle that *quicquid agunt homines* affords theme for poetry. The occasion was this. In the summer of '46, there was a ball at the Salutation Inn on the banks of Windermere. Hartley was invited and came, but preferred spending the evening in an adjoining room, where his light fantastic muse tripped off in the following sonnet:—

Sounds have I heard "by distance made more sweet,"

And whispering sounds more sweet that they are near,

But those glad sounds so close upon mine ear,
How had they made my younger heart to beat!
The bounding strain that rules the silken feet,
Like warbling nymph of old Winandermere
Who bubbles music through the crystal clear,
Comes softened to my solitary seat.
Yet, though I see it not, I more than dream
Of the blithe Beauty that is tripping nigh—
Mine ear usurps the function of the eye,
As, coolly shaded from the maddening beam
Of present loveliness, I love the stream
Unseen of happiness that gurgles by.

On the whole, the sonnets are more perfect works of art than the other poems, because the sonnet form is that adapted by nature, and confined by custom, to the self-development of single thoughts—Hartley's habit and forte. In lyrics, on the contrary, the poet should be projected out of himself, in order to express the objectivity of passion, (we cannot give our meaning briefly without these cant-phrases of pedantry;) and this, Hartley seldom attempts, or, at least, accomplishes.

Of the other poems, we will give but one specimen. It is called "a Song;" it is, in all but form, a sonnet.

Say—what is worse than blank despair?

'T is that sick hope too weak for flying,
That plays at fast and loose with care,
And wastes a weary life in dying.

Though promise be a welcome guest,
Yet it may be too late a comer,
'T is but a cuckoo voice at best,
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer

Then now consent, this very hour,
Let the kind word of peace be spoken;
Like dew upon a withered flower,
Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

The heart, whose will is from above,
Shall yet its mortal taint discover,
For Time, that cannot alter love,
Has power to slay the wretched lover.

A reader who knew not the author in person, will gather from these volumes the impression that he was an egotist. And excluded as he was by nature and circumstances, first, from the sports of other boys, and, next, from the pursuits of other men, he could not but be an egotist. Yet his was not the egotism of vanity, but the egotism of self-humiliation. He fed on his own heart. And we see how earnest was his admiration, how prodigal his praise of others. Wordsworth is lauded again and again in all varieties of complimentary phrase, evidently sincere; unconscious of natural partiality, he hails his father as a "mighty bard;" no little jealousy prevents his welcoming Tennyson, a younger and greater brother in the Muses; even Joanna Baillie is saluted as

Lady revered, our island's Tragic Queen!

The language in which these poems are written is pure, clear English, yet with touches of antique quaintness, and now and then some stiffness of phrase, like the English of one who had more converse with books than man. His words are not always to be found in the current vocabularies of the nineteenth century. For example, it is only by the context that we can guess at the meaning of "syke." We are not quite sure at what stage of existence a tree becomes "doddered." Nor have we a very definite idea of the operations described, respectively, by the verbs "crankle," "nuzzle," and "grue." We also object to the frequent use of the Scotch diminutives "birdie, weedie," &c., which, to the unfamiliar southern ear, only lisp recollections of the nursery. Here and there we have to complain of obscurity, of metaphors which trip each other up, of antitheses which do not quite balance, of conceits trebly involved in parentheses; but, in general, the stream of thought flows clear and smooth, mirroring on its way the quick succession of rock, wood, and meadow, and the blue sky that bends unchangeably over all.

That these poems will attain a wide celebrity we do not anticipate. Fit audience will they find, though few. Indeed, no poet of the present day is popular, in the large sense of the word, except it be the Rev. Robert Montgomery. He has found fit audience and many, perhaps owing his celebrity to the happy selection of an attractive subject. That "poetry is a drug in the market," is the stereotyped consolation of the bookseller to the bard. And we should suppose that essays are a drug, too, considering the multitude thereof poured forth upon society daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, under the name of leaders or articles. Yet what a relief it is to turn away from the smart, pert, over-peppered essays of the day to the genial, generous, and racy feast of Elia! In bidding the public to taste Hartley Coleridge's dishes, we promise them a treat of the same kind. And it is hard if every one does not find something to his liking. One man's hobby is "church sectarianism," another's, "the fine arts;" he who cares not for "heathen mythology," may have a penchant for "black cats;" the man who cannot comprehend "the poetry of love," may yet have head enough for "pins;"—and on all these subjects, and many more, doth Hartley dissertate according to his humor; now wise and right, now wilfully wrong; now pacing steadily along the beaten road of legitimate deduction, now

starting away into the common land of fancy to hunt after a distant allusion, or pick up a tempting pun. And in all these vagaries, he keeps ever clear of the Slough of Dulness. Metaphor apart, we have not read so pleasant a volume for many a long day.

Hartley has caught the trick of Elia's mock gravity, and at times we could almost fancy that it was Elia's self beguiling us so pleasantly. Yet the resemblance is in manner only; the two men are widely different *au fond*. Charles knew more of men and less of nature than Hartley; and if he had read fewer books, (which we half doubt, though Hartley is certainly the more learned,) he had received more oral instruction.

On the whole, we like best those essays in which, consciously or not, Hartley has assumed Elia's mask; as, for instance, the "Brief Observations on Brevity," and the apostrophe to his sable Selima.

His discussions on Shakspeare pretend not to philosophic profundity, but they have the merit of being free from the extravagant idolatry which warped the judgment of the first Coleridge, and has betrayed German critics into such incredible absurdities.

His knowledge of the fine arts was necessarily limited; for he had seldom even seen a foreign picture, and the works of English artists he knew, for the most part, only through the medium of engravings. This deficiency is pleasantly acknowledged in the title—"Ignoramus on the Fine Arts;" and the three essays so called prove that Ignoramus, with his shrewd observation, wanted only opportunity to be Cognoscentissimo.

The second volume is composed of what the editor calls Marginalia; being brief notes on Shakspeare, sundry poets, Hogarth, and the Bible, which, condensed as they are, contain the fruit of much thought, and the germ of much more, if they only have the luck to fall on a kindly soil. But there is much more *fun* in the first volume, for the notes were written for himself, not for the public, and no man is droll alone.

Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for the following fragments on "Brevity:"

"Brevity," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. "Truth," says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical duodecimos, "is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body." Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary!

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look down upon, or else overlook so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially *brief*, would scantily raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee; study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgment; if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British senate, or the British Forum; or, if thou canst, recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the long parliament; when the long-winded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-eared and long-suffering multitude; over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of *Æschylus*, the blistering humor of *Aristophanes*,

and the blustering humor of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of Blackstone, and assisted the incomparable Brinsley to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep, away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's-head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and far short of my wishes. In most things, too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners.

I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are "large and comely," and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of "dumpy women." All this is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says, be better sympathy. And as for his lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consoled "with the youngest wren of nine," than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an Amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of "nothing but low and little." Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would "whisper soft nonsense in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duellists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her, (alas! I am past my dancing days,) I should seem like a cock-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her; (proh dolor; I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness;) but should I wed her, I must "stand the push of every beardless vain comparative." The young Etonian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs, (carmen lugubre!) the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale-wives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us—There goes eightpence; and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal.

Again, how characteristically, apropos of cats, he speculates on time—"which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small beer; which turns

abuse to right, and usurpation to legitimacy; which improves pictures, while it mars their originals; and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for," &c.

We might cull hundreds of such morceaux, always pleasant, if not always profound; but we can find no portion which does not require its context, to be fully appreciated. A few detached links will never fall into the graceful folds of the entire chain.

Hartley's most serious literary effort, the *Biographia Borealis*, consisting of lives of thirteen famous north countrymen, is preparing for republication. We read it with much pleasure once on a time, but so long since, that we dare not trust our recollections sufficiently to base any criticism thereon.

We now close what has been to us a labor of love. We trust that our old liking for the man has not unduly biased our estimate of the author. From what we have said, our readers will conclude that though we do not rank Hartley Coleridge with the greatest poets, the most profound thinkers, or the most brilliant essayists, yet we know of no single man who has left, as his legacy to the world, at once poems so graceful, thoughts so just, and essays so delectable. And we believe that, while his personal memory will long linger among the hills of Westmoreland, his literary fame will have a wider range, and a more lasting existence.

From the Examiner.

MR. WYLD'S MODEL OF THE EARTH.

THIS extraordinary undertaking is now completed, and will be opened to the public next week in the building which has been erected for it in Leicester square. Mr. Wyld has figured the earth's surface on the interior of a globe, which is attended by the great advantage of enabling the spectator to extend his range of vision almost indefinitely over the vast and wondrous distributions of land and water brought at once within his view. The scale is ten miles to an inch horizontal, and one mile to an inch vertical; the diameter is not less than sixty feet; the means employed to convey the various effects of mountain and valley, sea and river, are some thousands of raised blocks, or castings in plaster, from models originally made in clay; and, by easy and gradual ascents to successive stages, the minutest details may be examined from most moderate distances. Arrived at the first landing, the visitor stands in the midst of the South Pacific; arrived at the last, he views immediately above him the regions of the North Pole, (very hot on the day of the private view, we may remark, in consequence of an imperfect ventilation which is now undergoing remedy,) and he is startled to find that Great Britain lies so near those icy solitudes. There has been no individual achievement more remarkable than this at any time exhibited in London. We cannot bring ourselves to refer to it as simply among the entertaining sights of the metropolis. It is that—but it is also much more. The idea of making so noble and complete a lesson in physical geography accessible at one view to great masses of the people, was a magnificent one, and has been carried out by Mr. Wyld in the spirit of the conception. It is a worthy supplement to the Great Exhibition, and in itself a triumph of industry and art which transcends the greatest marvels now on view in Hyde Park.

* It is needless to mention that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Cælebs.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.*

"INSECT LIFE—and 'episodes' too—now, really, human life, with all its labors and excitements, is too short for indulgence in this sort of biography. Here are hosts of books on the most interesting subjects affecting humanity, which I have not had time even to look at, and you call my attention to the infinitesimally small world of insects, and expect me to read your article!"

Yes, worthy reader, and the book too, and to thank us for introducing you to a companion who will open your eyes to wonders that surround you, in your chamber, in your garden, in the fields, in the woods, and teach you to find delight everywhere. Your walks will be no longer solitary when you have been taught how to observe; and, if you have the good fortune to be linked with one who shares your cares and your pleasures, there is hardly a flower that you pluck to adorn her beloved bosom, whose parent plant is not a microcosm of animal life.

Insects are by far the most numerous race of animals. Wherever air and light are, there they are to be found. Where other living beings would perish with hunger, there they thrive. There is no place so barren as not to afford sustenance to them. Their name is legion. "These"—to borrow the emphatic language of the Knight of the Polar Star—"these are the armies of the Most High, to punish disobedient nations; every band has its orders to fulfil, in the distribution of reward or punishment. If he decrees to chastise mankind, a single species of these animals are multiplied as the sand of the sea, and perform their divine commission."

The proboscis of the elephant fills every spectator of well-regulated mind with wonder at the work of the Great Artificer; but we do not deign to notice the equally admirable proboscis of the fly, or that of the gnat, at once an awl and a pump, unless, indeed, we are made to feel those irritating instruments, when we crush the insect without bestowing a thought on the intricate and perfect mechanism of the apparatus which has annoyed us. We gaze with horror on the chasm of teeth displayed, when the tiger yawns or raves over his prey, but never stop to notice the multiplied jaws of the far more truculent dragon-fly, which seizes every insect that flies within its reach, breaking the legs and dislocating the body of its victims at the first complicated bite. The antlers of the stag, and the annulated horns of the gazelle, awake our admiration; and shall the movable, hollow antlers of the stag-beetle, the lamelliform horns of the cock-chaffer, opening and closing at the will of the animal, and the articulated antennæ of the *Cerambyx* and *Melœ* pass unnoticed? No.

Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings,
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glisten, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads!

Look on "the mealy wings" of the *Papilionida*, the gem-encrusted armor of those beetles, and then say if Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these—whether Ovid, in his most fanciful

mood, ever imagined anything more wonderful than their metamorphoses!

But *cui bono*? To what end are all these inquiries? Most of those who ask such questions do not deserve a better answer than that given by Samuel Klingenstierna to the foolish lord, when Samuel was sent for by Frederick the First, to show his majesty some electrical phenomena, and when such experiments first began to make a noise in the world. When all was over, a man of great rank, who happened to be one of the spectators on that occasion, said, with a sneer—

"Mr. Klingenstierna, of what use is all this?"

"Sir," replied Klingenstierna, "that very objection was made to me by J— C—."

Now, this J— C— was a well-known rich drysalter, with much more money than wit—a soulless man of money-bags—and the king, turning to the disconcerted nobleman, said, with a smile, "I think he has given it to you."* But Klingenstierna himself would hardly have anticipated the age of electric telegraphs, which bid fair to outdo Puck and his feat of putting a girdle about the earth in forty minutes.

A more comprehensive answer, however, than that of the northern electrician is at hand. Without a knowledge of the habits of insects, vain is the attempt at deliverance from their overwhelming ravages. These minute agents, from their incalculable numbers, do much more injury to man than the most bulky warm-blooded animals. To say nothing of such crushing visitations as—

When the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the Eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.

Insects generally, though, as Baeckner observes, they be less in magnitude than the larger animals, surpass them so far in number, that it amounts to the same thing; for, these tiny plunderers are scattered like dust over the fields. He remarks, that the little depredation of an individual almost escapes our sight, while that of a larger animal is easily estimated; yet the united injuries that we receive from such myriads are of the greatest magnitude. The servant who daily pillages from his master steals more than a thief who loads himself once with what booty he can carry off. "If," adds Baeckner, "we watch a caterpillar preying upon leaves a little time, we shall see it devour a much greater quantity in proportion to its size than the largest animal. We saw a melancholy example of this, a few years since, when the caterpillar of a single species of moth laid waste the whole tract called King's Meadows, near Upsal."†

Linnæus‡ remarks, that the man who should free Apulia from the tarantula, India from scorpions, Norway from gnats, Lapland from the gad-fly, cottages from the cricket, Finland from the *blatta*, Paris from bugs, horses from the tabani, gardens from the aphides, fruit-trees from the caterpillar, or clothes from the moth, would deserve every gratuity and honor. To which we beg to add, that he who should deliver the planter from the *scolytus destructor*, which annihilates the elm,‡

* Gedner.

† Am. Acad.

‡ Ibid.

§ Some notion of the numbers of insects, and their effect on vegetation, may be arrived at from the statement of Forsshall, who assigns fifteen species to the elm, thirty-two to the pear, forty-two to the oak, and

* *Episodes of Insect Life*. By Acheta Domestica, M. E. S. London. Reprinted by J. S. Redfield, New York.

(as our parks too truly show,) and the *hyllobius abietis*, that lays waste fir plantations, the farmer from the wire-worm and turnip-fly, the hop-grower from the aphid, and London from cockroaches, would deserve the gratitude of the country more than all the exhibitors at the Crystal Palace put together.

In tenui labor: at tenuis non gloria.

Then as to the benefits derived from the insect race—to say nothing of those which are indirect—we need only mention the two great articles of comfort and commerce, honey and silk, to claim some respect for insects from the chrysothorax.

But there is higher ground on which we would rest the merits of the study of insects. There are no animals more entirely directed by instinct—more directly impressed by the divine impulse. Of them it may be especially said—

Ignis est ollis vigor et cælestis origo.

Poets have sung of them, and philosophers have written of them. We owe the beautiful fourth Georgic to Virgil's experience as a bee-master; and Aristotle and Pliny went into their history, generally.

In those ancient times, fable entered largely into the descriptions of these interesting creatures, nor was that fable confined to the poets. Aristotle not only supported the theory of equivocal generation, in holding that flies were meat engendered, but held that they inherited the disposition of the animal from whose remains they sprang, being fierce or harmless accordingly. A similar notion has been woven into verse with regard to the vine, where the poet attributes the different passions awakened by the flowing cups to the manure of the different animals by which the plant was nourished.

When science and literature awoke from the long sleep into which the dark ages had plunged them, entomology was for a long time passed by in silence, perhaps in contempt. Conrad Gesner, diligent as he was, could not carry the torch of science which he had rekindled into every corner of the great field of nature; but he assisted in laying the foundation of the first considerable general treatise on insects, Mouffet's *Theatrum Insectorum*. This work was commenced by Gesner and Dr. Wootton. Dr. Penny, a botanist and physician in the time of Elizabeth, made great additions. These learned men went where philosophers as well as insects must go, without giving their labors to the public. Mouffet, a contemporary and also a physician, arranged Penny's manuscripts, with augmentations, and prepared them for the press, intending to dedicate the book to the queen; but he, too, went by the death-road, and his book lay buried till the next century, when Mazerne, a court physician, brought it to light in the reign of Charles the First, and an English translation soon followed. This book, notwithstanding the grave absurdity of some of its quaint statements, contained all that was then known on the subject of insects, and a great deal of information which has since been confirmed. Some of the figures are ludicrous enough when compared with the elegance and accuracy of modern delineations.

The indefatigable Aldrovandi applied his industry to this subject; but after collecting together the

fifty-one to the willow; and, since he wrote, multitudes of species, which were then unknown, have been described.

not very well digested observations of antiquity, he left it as he found it. Then came Jonston, contributing nothing to what had been before discovered.

But perhaps the study of insects owed much of the interest with which it was subsequently regarded to some painters who employed themselves in the delineation of beautiful and scarce plants about the middle of the seventeenth century. These flower-painters, observing the different kinds of insects which flitted about their models, or were nourished by the plants, ornamented their designs with drawings of those animals, among which we may be sure the most beautiful butterflies did not escape them. Novel and striking discoveries in this new branch of natural history were every day made, and the painters began seriously to apply themselves to the subject as a study. Robert, Hoefnagel, Geodart, Merian, Schwartz, Albin, and Roesel, distinguished themselves in this line.

It is curious to observe the effect produced by causes apparently remote. The works of some of these painters were first called into existence by the passion for embroidery. That art was in high fashion in the reigns of Henry the Fourth and Louis XIII. of France, not only for personal dress, but magnificent furniture. Flowers naturally formed the basis of the patterns, and flower-painting began to be much cultivated in consequence. Collections of engravings of flowers abounded, and the works of Hoefnagel and others were published at this time.

As this elegant luxury became prevalent, the common indigenous flowers began to be overlooked; and foreign plants were sought after and cultivated attentively for the purpose of furnishing new subjects to the embroiderer.

Jean Robin appears to have been the first who distinguished himself at Paris by the culture of these exotics; and when he afterwards was appointed botanist royal, his garden became, in some measure, that of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. In that garden, Pierre Vallet, the embroiderer, copied from nature the flowers with which he adorned his works. He published a folio volume of engraved designs, with printed directions for coloring them. Robin's son, being associated with his father, published, in the year 1624, a catalogue of 1800 plants, cultivated in that garden.

Two years afterwards, the number of plants was greatly increased by the establishment of a royal physic garden in the Faubourg St. Victoire, placed under the care of Guy de la Brosse, the physician.

After Vallet's collection, above alluded to, Firen engaged Daniel Rabel to engrave the plants of the old garden, and published the folio in 1632. But some men are determined to outshine their contemporaries, and La Brosse, to show the superiority of the royal garden, employed Abraham Bosse to publish a volume double the size of Rabel's, to consist of plants which were nowhere else to be found. This great enterprise seems to have miscarried. Fifty of the plates were long afterwards bought of a brazier, to whom La Brosse's descendants had sold them, in ignorance of their value; and these were the only remains of nearly four hundred which had been finished.

Among others whose curiosity led them to indulge in this pursuit, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, laid out a garden of rare plants at Luxembourg; and another at Blois, where he resided during a great portion of the year. Four celebrated botanists were employed by him in the superintendence of

his gardens, and a number of miniature-painters were commissioned to adorn his cabinet with drawings made from the plants. Among these artists, Nicholas Robert shone preëminent. He painted on vellum, of folio size, and added to his exquisitely finished plants, birds and other animals from the prince's menagerie.

When Gaston died, in 1760, Colbert thought this collection worthy of his great master, and he created the post of cabinet painter in favor of Robert, to enable him to persevere in his plan, under the patronage of Louis XIV. Robert enjoyed this place twenty years, finishing twelve sheets every year, and receiving for each sheet, one hundred livres.

When Colbert launched his great design of employing the Academy upon a general history of plants and animals, Robert's drawings and etchings were sought for with great avidity, on account of the exactitude and correctness of his designs.

Thus, says Jussieu, an application and talents, which were dedicated by Robert to no other end than curiosity, embroidery, and manufactures of wool and silk, became the foundation of a collection of Natural History which is unique in its kind.

The invention of microscopes gave a new impulse to the study of entomology. Hooke, Lewenhoeck, Joblot, Needham, and others, penetrated deeply into the mysteries of nature, but none did more to draw the attention of men to the investigations of insect economy, than our own Ray, and the patient, industrious, pious Swammerdam. "Oh," says that enthusiastic Dutchman, when engaged in the study of bees—"oh, for one year of continued light and heat, that I might work without interruption!"

Lister, who has justly been called an ornament to his age and nation, described the English spiders so well that his work is still looked up to; and our own Ray, after finishing his *History of Plants*, dedicated no small part of his life to the study of insects. The metamorphosis, nature, and habits of the Prussian insects were observed by Frisch, who published valuable observations on them; and Madame Merian braved the dangers of the seas, and of the swamps of Surinam, led by the attraction of the splendid insects of that interesting but noxious land. Though she suffered her imagination to run riot, and lent too ready an ear to any wondrous tale relative to the life and habits of her favorites, her works are still deservedly respected. We think we can see the fair enthusiast depicting the lantern-fly, which had at first caused her so much alarm, by its own light.

"When," says Madame Merian, "the Indians brought me, before I knew that they shone by night, a number of these lantern-flies, I shut them up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise, that I awoke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not knowing from whence the noise proceeded. As soon as we found that it came from the box, we opened it; but were still much more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground in a fright, at seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and as many animals as came out, so many flames of fire appeared. When we found this to be the case, we recovered from our fright, and again collected the insects, highly admiring their splendid appearance."

Some of these animated stars measure nearly four inches in length, and five across the expanded wings, and emit a flood of light from their enormously developed phosphorescent head. Four or five of them tied to a stick, brilliantly illuminate

the path of the benighted South American traveller.

Well, entomology struggled on, not, however, without being beset by scoffers and worse hindrances. Ray had to give his evidence in favor of the sanity of Lady Glanville, whose will was attacked on the ground of her incompetence to make one, the reason for considering her insane being based on her passion for collecting insects; and though the attempt does not appear to have succeeded, one can easily imagine that the pursuits of the author of *The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation*, rendered even him liable to a suspicion, among the matter-of-fact people of the time, that much learning had produced the effect upon him, which Festus thought that it had upon Paul.

But Réaumur now appeared. He watched insects from the cradle to the grave, examined and recorded their habits and manners through life, and subjected them to anatomical inquiry, pursuing his most diligent inquiries with so much ardor and success, that he greatly raised the character of the science. Boerhaave must not be forgotten, nor his devotion of a whole day to clearing the body of a caterpillar from its fat; nor Lyonnet, who counted 1804 air-tubes in the body of another of those larvæ, to a knowledge of whose structure he devoted his life; nor De Geer, who, in despair at the cold reception of the first part of his work, committed the bulk of the copies to the flames. Bonnet, Gould, and others, were added to the powerful phalanx, that marched under the entomological banner, headed by the Knight of the Polar Star—clarum et venerabile nomen.

The triumph of this enlightened body of men was not suffered to die away. A host succeeded to bear the banner onwards. The works of Latreille, Lamarek, Cuvier, Leach, Stephens, Curtis, Macleay, Huber, and Kirby and Spence, Swainson, Rennie, Jardine, Knapp, Burmeister, Sammouelle, De Brez, Blackwall, Muller, and Westwood, are in the hand and head of every naturalist. Some of these are still spared to us, and long may they remain to instruct and delight mankind, and teach them that there are other things in the world than the vile dross, in the sole accumulation of which too many waste the talents which God has given them.

But we would more particularly call attention to such authors as Huber, and Kirby and Spence. The first of the united English authors is gone to reap the reward of his long and well-spent life; his colleague, deservedly beloved and respected, looks, we rejoice to say, as if he had a good deal of work in him yet. Authors of this kind are the agents that push forward a science, and make it popular. The first thing to be done is to make people read. As soon as this is effected, the reader, if he have any bias towards natural history—and very few are without that inclination—becomes amused, sees how much gratification of which he had no thought before, is spread around him, becomes more deeply interested, and, in his turn, worships at the shrine of the "dear goddess."

Of this amusing class of books is the work before us; and notwithstanding certain illusory manifestations in the type and illustrations,* *quæ maribus tribuuntur*, we opine that we owe it to one of the gentler sex. Though the good and gifted authoress

* See the tail-pieces, pp. 11, 107, and the legend and principal figure on the gorgeous cover.

chooses to call herself *Acheta Domestica*, she is no mere Dryasdust collector, but an out-door naturalist of keen perception and no small enthusiasm. It has seemed good unto her to symbolize herself, in one of her insect-hunting expeditions, in the form of a cricket mounted on a May-fly (p. 12); and a right pleasant and merry cricket she is. Not that she requires the glowing temperature of a summer sun or a kitchen fire to induce her to venture abroad—not she—

Alike to her is time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to her is tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime.

Even in the month of January, besides our chirping representative of the hearth and certain gnats, which disport over frozen pools, a sprinkling of other insects may be seen melting their frosted fluids in the wintry sunbeam or the sheltered window. Numerous others, hidden from all but practised eyes, are laid up snugly in various hybernacula, of which the discovery adds a zest to their pursuit. Of these, some are concealed in caverns under ground, some in beds of mud beneath the water, some are ensconced in hollow trees, and behind or in crannies of their bark, while others lurk within the tunnels of dry perforated stalks, sleep within the domes of protecting gall-nuts, or lie defended from frost and famine in other homes of shelter, such as the care of Him who careth for all has led them to seek out.

For aurelians, or collectors of moths and butterflies, this month and the following constitute one of the great harvest seasons. Trowel in hand, they are now repairing to the leafless woods, where, carefully digging a few feet around the trunks of the trees, they "disquiet and bring up" from their winter catacombs, the mummy-like aurelians of various moths which, as caterpillars, have fattened in summer on the foliage above. Such as are disposed to become aurelians themselves, must have in readiness for their treasures, thus exhumed, boxes of wood or pasteboard partly filled with vegetable earth, and covered at top with gauze. The chrysalides consigned to their early bed, there should be laid over them a green coverlet of moss, which, once a fortnight in winter, and oftener in summer, should be steeped in water for the purpose of giving moisture to the mould beneath.

But observe the spirit in which this pursuit ought to be followed:—

Using our hobby as a hunter, we may pursue our game for two different objects—that of observation or collection, or both combined. And we may collect for two different purposes—that of scrutinizing living instincts, or arranging and looking at dead objects. The relative value of one and the other is as that of an apple's rind to its juicy pulp; the rind is not without its use and beauty, while connected with the interior of the fruit; neither is a collection of insect specimens, as connected with the juicier matter of the study they illustrate. As for him whose delight in natural objects, of what kind soever, consists solely in their amassment, or is circumscribed within the walls of his cabinet, he is no naturalist at all, a mere kindred spirit of the bibliomaniac, and little better than the miser whose iron heart is in his iron chest. Neither are specimens necessary to the study of insects, though, like the Hortus Siccus of the botanist, they are of great assistance, especially at its commencement. Subsequently, if you should desire to collect we should recommend the pursuit, for this purpose, of one selected tribe; say beetles, as the most varied and perfect, or butterflies and moths, as the most elegant and interesting of the insect classes.

The study of the latter only, in the search after caterpillars, the feeding them on fresh leaves of such plants as they frequent, and the opportunities thus afforded of watching them through their changes, transformations, and most ingenious labors, will afford ample occupation and amusement for nearly every season of the year, and moreover present us, if we choose, a collection of cabinet paintings, in whose exhibition and contemplation (always with reference to their Great Designer) we may take a laudable delight.

Without pausing to consider the day-dream of an entomological garden—woe to the poor plants condemned to such punishment—all will agree with her in acknowledging "that perpetual charm of the insect world which consists in its intimate connection with the vegetable kingdom; and that, viewed according to their mutual relations of use and adaptation, the flower and the leaf seem almost instinct as well as associate with animate existence, while their insect frequenters appear, in return, to have borrowed a share of floral elegance and sweetness."

But we must not anticipate the *belle saison* when spring will lead the jolly months along; no, we must be content patiently to follow our sibyl, who in her own good time will lead us, in the words of the good old canon,* "to the greenwood tree," and content ourselves with observing this poor emaciated *revenant* of a common house-fly. There he feebly creeps, lured out by the beams of our good sea-coal fire,

And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

The flies are gone, but where are they gone to? that is the question. At the close of summer, when they are busy and buzzing around us in the shape of a visitation, it is certainly no easy matter to let them "pass by us as the idle wind;" but in one respect they are, to most people, like the wind too, since they scarce know whence they come or whither they go. Doubt the first, as to whence they come, is not difficult to solve, though perhaps with the most presuming of flies, as with the most presuming of folks, the more we pry into their places of birth, the more we may be inclined (but with the insect not justly) to hold them in contempt; suffice it, that as the domestic fly makes himself quite at home in our houses, so has his parent, in all likelihood, made herself equally free of our stables, where she finds a hot-bed for her eggs, and in the same a provision for her infant race. There, in their first and wingless state of maggot or larva, they commence, thus early, their important use of helping to rid the earth of all things that offend; and on how grand a scale they are able to carry on this operation may be estimated from the fact, that a single fly will lay no less than 177 eggs. House flies come then chiefly from the stable, the road, and the grazing meadow; though some nearly resembling them come from other places, and exist in their earliest state on vegetable, instead of animal, substances. Among these we have noticed a very common species, which finds its first "bed and board" between the upper and under skins of dock-leaves, burrowing and feeding on the pulpy flesh. From spring to autumn, we may see them thus busily employed, merely by gathering and holding to the light such leaves as are to be found continually *not* adorned by large, discolored, transparent blotches, the outward tokens of their inward presence. These, from the above habit, may be ranked among a set of insect laborers or feeders of more classes than one, hence called leaf-miners, some of whose winding ways we mean, by and by, to follow.

* "Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me," &c.

For query the second, and that just now more pertinent to the season, of whither flies go on the arrival of winter, it still remains, we believe, a problem not yet completely solved even by naturalists, who have maintained opinions on the matter nearly as different as on the hibernation of swallows. A great proportion, no doubt, perish from cold or the many accidents to which their weakness and growing torpor render them, as the year declines, more and more exposed. Yet how few comparatively of the swarms so agile, head downwards on the ceiling, do we ever perceive (or our house-maids either) stiff and stark, legs upwards on the floor. That fly survivors there are, laid up snugly in secret hibernacula, is further evidenced by the few which are often seen emerging from nobody knows where in mild winter weather, also by those more lonely bodies tempted by the warmth of the fire to creep forth even in nipping frost. Under such forlorn circumstances, a fly becomes, to us at least, an object of absolute interest; our dislike, amounting almost to antipathy, of the intrusive, buzzing, pilfering, boozing, tickling varlet, one of the dusky legions which "possess" us in the months of August and September, is converted into sympathy for the poor, mateless, friendless, shivering, silent creature, lured by deceptive warmth to quit the shelter of his winter asylum. We would make him as welcome, now, to his tiny bit or sup as the red-breast to his crumbs of comfort, and on occasion would even stretch out a willing finger to save him from a flood of milk or a morass of honey. Yet more, when thus rescued and set, damp or dripping, on the heated mantelpiece, we have often watched with curious and interested eye the poor pilferer's gradual restoration, marking how at first languidly, and then with increasing briskness, he busies his handy paws; now, cat-like, stroking and wiping his head and face and large moveless eyes, then with his hinder limbs performing the like operation on his wings and body.

How does the fly feed?—the "busy, curious, thirsty fly" that "drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating and drinking being his trunk or sucker, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find on close inspection growing "small by degrees" under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe which returns the sugar melted into syrup.

We are then admonished, and the admonition is not without reason as regards the common herd, that flies are not all of the same form and species, for there are black flies and blue flies, green flies and parti-colored flies, big flies and little flies; and here we are requested to remember that the age of young flies is by no means to be estimated by their size, like that of young people.

The fly is a perfect insect, (or imago,) having already passed through its two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the butterfly, is more generally known as caterpillar and chrysalis; so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly gentry, also nearly equalized, which form the main body of our parlor visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of

flowers, the bouncing blue-bottle, and the black and gray-checkered blow-fly, those pests preëminent of the larder, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither

Hatched on the road—nor in the stable bred.

Numerous gay-colored varieties may be seen between spring and autumn, and in September, nearly altogether, grouped in a *tableau vivant*, settled and sipping on the honeyed clusters of the Michaelmas daisy, that last starry heaven of their existence, at all events for the year. Later still, towards the end of October and beginning of November, when taking a noon-day walk under a southern ivy-crested wall, you may be sure to see some or all of them come out to meet you from their darkgreen bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the bearded ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refuge of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your trouble, by turning out from the same shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hibernating butterfly—

Startling the eye
With unexpected beauty.

Once more to our picture.—You know, we suppose, that the fly has a pair of wings, but a hundred to one, if one of you out of a hundred has ever noticed that she has also a pair of winglets, (or little secondary wings,) and a pair of poisers, drum-stick like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight. These poisers are much more conspicuous and easily observed without a magnifier in the gnat and in the father longlegs, insects belonging to the same order as flies.

Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly's nervous pinion—the iridescent colors wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look, we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching spring time, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.

Early in the morning of a bright July day last year, we saw, while lying in bed, the shutters being closed, on the carpeted floor of the room, an illuminated spot, with something moving upon it. On rising, a sort of camera obscura was observed on the floor, extending about a foot and a half one way and a foot the other. On this spot was beautifully portrayed in shadow the diminished portion of one of the elm trees opposite to the window, the branches and leaves waving with the breeze, and the sun shining through them. The light came through a join in the shutter, where the crown glass was slightly conchoidal. We partially opened the leaf of the shutter, and returned to bed. The image on the floor was of course destroyed, but as we lay watching the slanting sunbeam in which the motes were dancing, dazzling bright spots and patches suddenly appeared, flashing, and as quickly vanishing. Sometimes they would continue along the course of the darker beam, like minute erratic planets or comets. These flashes proved to come from the house-flies, as they danced in the sunny beam. Luminous were they as fire-flies, but theirs was reflected light, the sun's ray glancing with glowing brightness from their wings in their desultory flight through and down the course of the beam. It was a brilliant display of natural fire-works.

Accompanying our author in a charming winter walk, we find ourselves making one with a company of gnats dancing, though more mutely, quite

as merrily as they could possibly have footed it on the balmy air of a summer's eve.

Their appearance was welcome to our eyes, not as flowers in *May*, but as flowers in *January*, and so we sat down on one of the oaken stumps hard by, to watch their evolutions. Mazy and intricate enough, in sooth, they seemed, yet these light-winged figurants, little as one might think it, would seem to have "measure in their mirth," ay, and mathematics too; for it is stated as a fact,* that no three of these dancers can so place themselves that lines joining their point of position shall form either more or less than two right angles. The "set" upon which we had intruded, was an assemblage of those Tipulidan or long-legged gnats which have been named *tell-tale*, we suppose, because by their presence in winter, they seem to tell a tale of early spring, belied by the bitter east, which often tells us another story when we turn from their sheltered saloon of assembly. In this sense, however, these are not the only tell-tales of their kind, for quite as common, at the same season, are some other parties of aerial dancers, one of which we fell in with soon after we had taken leave of the first. These were tiny sylphs with black bodies and wings of snow-white gauze, and like "choice spirits, black, white, and gray," (for they wore plumes of the latter color,) they were greeting the still New Year with mirth and revelry, and that over a frozen pool, whose icy presence one would have fancied quite enough for their instant annihilation. But though (warned by exercise) these merry mates care so little for the cold without, they are glad enough, when occasion serves, to profit by the shelter of our windows. In ours we often watch them; and you, good reader, had better seek for them, unless you would miss the sight of as pretty and elegant a little creature as any one could desire to look at on a fine summer's, much more a winter's day.

Now for the ball-dress of these revellers:—

We have spoken of the *plumes* of these winged revellers, black, white, and gray, which dance in the air as merrily as the quaker's wife in the song; but here be it observed, that our gnats' wives, with real quaker-like sobriety, rarely, if ever, dance at all, and never by any accident wear feathers. They may do worse, as we shall perhaps discover by-and-by; but as for plumes, (in poetic parlance, "feathered antlers," in scientific, "pectinate antennæ,") these are decorations of vanity, exclusively confined among all gnats to the masculine gender. Gnats' balls, therefore, contrary to usual custom, are made up of beaux—like the bull-dance on board one of her majesty's ships.

The birth and parentage of these eternal friskers, whose motto seems to be *dansez toujours*, next attract our attention. The birth and parentage of a gnat! Why not? Virgil, the boy-poet, wrote his "*Culex*" to celebrate the gnat, which, in saving the life of the shepherd, lost his own.

We conclude with our author that everybody has a general notion concerning the passage of a butterfly through the successive stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and winged flutterer; but we heard a wise man once say that writers on such subjects were apt to give their general readers credit for too much learning, the consequence of which was, that such readers stumbled at the threshold, and very often laid down the book without taking it up again. And, therefore, dear reader, if you are no entomologist, and that you may be happy by becoming one, bear in mind that all perfect insects have passed through three states,

yclept by the learned those of larva, (the caterpillar,) pupa, (the chrysalis,) and imago, (the fly.) Believe us, the study of these deformed transformed will fill the mind with wonder and with still better thoughts.

Virgil's reader will remember that the gnat which saved the shepherd from the serpent came out of the lake in the neighborhood of the tree under which he was sleeping; and this aerial dancer begins its existence in the water. Here is a pretty description of the gnat's life-boat.

This object is a boat of eggs, not a boat egg-laden; nor yet that witch's transport, an egg-shell boat, but a buoyant life-boat, curiously constructed of her own eggs by the common gnat. How she begins and completes her work may be seen by any one curious enough and wakeful enough to repair by five or six o'clock in the morning to a pond or bucket of water frequented by gnats; and those who would rather see through other eyes than their own, especially when, perhaps, half open, may read in the pages of Réaumur† or Rennie‡ full descriptions of this mother boat-builder's clever operations. The boat itself, with all we are going to describe, and all we have depicted, (from the life,) may be seen at home, and at all hours, with the convenient compass of a basin filled from an adjacent pond. When complete, the boat consists of from 250 to 350 eggs, of which though each is heavy enough to sink in water, the whole compose a structure perfectly buoyant, so buoyant as to float amidst the most violent agitation. What is yet more wonderful, though hollow, it never fills with water, and even if we push it to the bottom of our mimic pool, it will rise unwetted to the surface. This cunning craft has been likened to a London wherry, being sharp and high fore and aft, convex below, concave above, and always floating on its keel. In a few days each of the numerous "lives" within having put on the shape of a grub or larva, issues from the lower end of its own flask-shaped egg, but the empty shells continuing still attached, the boat remains a boat till reduced by weather to a wreck.

So much for the boat; now let us follow the fortunes of one of the crew, after he has left his cabin, which he quits by emerging through its bottom into the water:—

Happily, however, he is born a swimmer, and can take his pleasure in his native element, poising himself near its surface head downwards, tail upwards. Why chooses he this strange position? Just for the same reason that we rather prefer, when taking a dabble in the waves, to have our heads above water, for the convenience, namely, of receiving a due supply of air, which the little swimmer in question sucks in through a sort of tube in his tail. The breathing apparatus, as well as the tail itself, serves also for a buoy, and both end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs arranged in a star-like form and anointed with an oil by which they repel water. When tired of suspension near the surface, our little swimmer has only to fold up these divergent hairs, and plump, he sinks down to the bottom. He goes, however, provided with the means of reascension, a globule of air which the oil enables him to retain at his funnel's end; on reopening which he again rises wherever the fancy takes him. But yet a little while, and a new era arrives in the existence of this buoyant creature; buoyant in his first stage of larva, in his second of pupa he is buoyant still. Yet, in resemblance, how unlike! But lately topsy-turvy, his altered body first assumes what we should call its natural position, and he swims, head upwards, because within it there is now contained a different, but equally

* In Darley's *Geometrical Companion*.

* *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des Insectes*.

† *Insect Transformations*.

curious apparatus for inhaling the atmospheric fluid. Seated behind his head, arises a pair of respirators, not very much unlike the aural appendages of an ass, to which they have been compared: and through these he feeds on air, requiring now no grosser aliment. At his nether extremity there expands a fish-like finny tail, by help of which he can either float or strike at pleasure through the water.

About a week is thus passed by the buoyant pupa, and then the last and important change is at hand.

With the gradual development of superior organs, the little spark of sensitivity within seems awakened to a new desire to rise upwards. Fed for a season upon air, the insect's desires seem to have grown ærian. While a noon-day sun is warm upon the water (as yet his native element) he rises to the surface and above it, elevating both head and shoulders, as if gasping for the new enjoyments which await him. His breast swells (as it were) with the sweet anticipation, his confining corslet bursts, and the head, not that which has played its part on the stage of being now about to close, but another, all plumed and decorated for a more brilliant theatre, emerges through the rent, followed by the shoulders and the filmy wings which are to play upon the air.—But have a care, my little débutant! thou art yet upon the water; an unlucky somersét would wet thy still soft and drooping pinions, and render them unfit for flight.—Now is thy critical moment—hold thee steady—lose not thy perpendicular, or—But why fear we for the little mariner? He who clothes the lily and feeds the sparrow, has provided him support in this, his point of peril. The stiff covering of his recent form, from which he is struggling to escape, now serves him as a life-boat—the second to which he will owe his safety. His upright body forms its mast as well as sail, and in the breeze now rippling the water, he is wafted rapidly along. He will assuredly be capsize from press of sail. But see, he has acquired by this time other helps to aid his self-preserving efforts. His slender legs (hitherto hung pendent) now feel for and find the surface of the pool. His boat is left behind, and, still endowed with one aquatic power, he stands a moment on the water, then rises, buoyant, a winged inhabitant of air!

Thus transformed into an aeronaut, he begins his dancing life.

"Yes, to sting and disfigure me—the vampire!"

"One moment, my dear madam, and your pardon.

He is no blood-sucker—he carries no poisonous stiletto."

Spare him, therefore, if not "*pour l'amour de ses beaux plumes*," at least for the sake of the innocence they denote. Let him finish his reel or his hornpipe unmolested, and reserve your vengeance for his shrewish partner, on whose plumeless head it will more justly fall. Have we not already hinted that though she seldom dances, and never wears feathers, she has practices something worse, and *she* it is who, while her spouse regales himself on nectar quaffed from flowers, or, perhaps, even is satisfied with a chameleon banquet—*she* it is who longs for the "red wine," each drop of which she repays with poison. *Hers* are the "barbed shaft," the "whirring wings," the "dragon scales," against which you must invoke the protection of your "guardian sylph," or your pocket handkerchief.

There is another gnat—thirty species of *Culicidæ* are to be found in Britain alone—*Chironomus plumosus*, whose elegant plumes surpass those of his fellows; and we would fain stay to watch his graceful evolutions as he waltzes upon the water,

or glides, swan-like, over it, his wings serving him for a sail; but the ants and their milch kine, the aphides, summon us.

Terrible are the battles between the slave-making Rufians and the slave-supplying Fuscans. As the Indian bears the scalp of his dead enemy voluntarily and triumphantly, the belligerent Amazonian red ants often carry with them, involuntarily, the severed head of their brown foes, the dead jaws being irremovably locked to the body of the conquerors. Among the brown ants, slavery is a thing unknown; but it is otherwise with the tarnation red ants, we guess.

The custom of slave-making, as still sanctioned by the example of civilized and Christian nations, has been always practised by certain tribes of this pigmy people. In some respects, however, our Lilliputian slave-owners are woefully behindhand, as compared with those of larger stature, especially with the dwellers in a certain trans-Atlantic land of freedom. They know not the meaning of lynch-law, the sound of a whip is never heard within their territories. The slaves live as well as their possessors, and, on some occasions, the common rule of such relationship being reversed, would seem to take the chief authority into their own hands. With all this indulgence, strange as it may appear, these little slaves are famous hands at labor. No Jack-of-all trades, nor maid-of-all-work, (for be it here observed that they are all females,) can beat them for universal usefulness. The greater number of their owners are of the same sex with themselves, and what may seem on this account the more remarkable is, that they are all, without exception, soldiers—Amazonian soldiers. As was once said by a certain corps of our own gentlemen militaires, or said for them, these lady warriors are a class who (fighting of course excepted) never do anything. It follows, consequently, that their slaves have everything to do. In a populous city they are, at once, the builders, the scavengers, the porters, and the nurses of the infant population. Nay, they are even the feeders of the grown-up free community, which consists solely of the above-named lady soldiery, a few idle gentlemen, and some two or three queens or princesses of the blood. The slave population being thus absolutely necessary to the comfort, nay, very existence of their owners, it of course follows that the keeping up of its numbers is a most important matter. This object is effected by predatory excursions, taken frequently into the territories of those harmless, unoffending tribes which furnish the desired supply, and from which the female warriors usually return triumphant, each laden with the useful, if not glorious, trophy of an infant captive.

Arrived at the city of its captors, each little slave in embryo is forthwith consigned to the charge of a compatriot slave nurse, who, though ignorant, perhaps, as the precious innocent itself, that the ties of country, or even of family, unite them, fondles, feeds, and fashions it for the benefit of their common owner, into just such another patient, busy factotum as herself.

The blight insects, or aphides, the milch-kine of the ants, next claim our attention. Various tribes of emmets keep, tend, and even rear them, for the sake of the honey-dew they yield; but the yellow ant, *formica flava*, is the greatest cow-keeper of them all. Bitterly do the horticulturist and the hop-grower feel the ravages of these minute but multitudinous plant-lice. Some notion of their swarms may be arrived at from the calculations of Reaumur, that one aphid may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants.

This amazing fecundity is explained by none so satisfactorily as Professor Owen, in his admirable

*Parthenogenesis.** The generation of a larval aphid may, as he there states, be repeated from seven to eleven times without any more accession of the primary spermatid virtue of the retained germ-masses than in the case of the zoophyte or plant: one might, as he observes, call the generation an internal gemmation, but this phrase would not explain the conditions essential to the process, unless we previously knew those conditions in regard to ordinary or external gemmation. The same gifted physiologist has lately again illustrated the subject in his most interesting lecture, *On Metamorphosis and Metagenesis*, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on the 7th February, 1851. In that lecture, as in *Parthenogenesis* he observed that, at length, the last apterous or larval aphid so developed, proceeds to be "metamorphosed" into a winged individual, in which either only the fertilizing filaments are formed, as in the case of the stamens of the plant; or only the ovules, as in the case of the pistil. We have, in fact, male and female individuals, preceded by procreative individuals of a lower or arrested grade of organization, analogous to the gemmiparous polypes of the zoophyte and to the leaves of the plant.—The process is not merely, as the professor stated, one of a simple succession of single individuals, but much more marvellous in nature. The first-formed larva of early spring procreates, not one, but eight larvæ like itself, in successive broods, and each of those larvæ repeats the process; and, as he truly said, it may be again repeated in the same geometrical ratio, until a number which figures only can indicate, and language almost fails to express, is the result. The aphides, he added with his usual felicity of illustration, produced by this internal gemmation, are as countless as the leaves of a tree, to which they are so closely analogous.

Having, with the professor's aid, given a succinct explanation of the procreative process, we must return to our authoress, whom we have left holding a blight-disfigured rose-bud, which, instead of encasing green, and bursting red, displays nothing but a moving multitude—a conglomeration of these plant-lice, which, as she truly adds, taken en masse, is certainly no pleasing object.

For all this, the little winged animal which, as being more conspicuous than the bulk of its fellows, we shall first single from among them, is no inelegant specimen of nature's Lilliputian workmanship. It has a plump shining body of deep bright green, spotted at the sides with black; long slender legs, inclining to reddish, and, like a bamboo reed, marked at every point with black or darkest brown. The shoulders, head, and long jointed antennæ are also chiefly black, as well as two diverging spikelets proceeding from the back; while a pair of ample wings, much longer than the body, rise erectly over it.

This pretty insect, and those which resemble it, look like the aristocracy of the wingless multitude by which they are surrounded; and though we cannot pronounce their pinions to be borne as badges of rank, we believe that no reason has, as yet, been assigned with certainty for the partial distribution among aphid tribes of the organs of flight, which do not with them, as with various other insects, serve as a distinction either of age or sex. A cause, indeed, which, if true, is most curious and interesting, has been assigned for this difference of endowment among aphides. It has been supposed to depend on the quality and quantity of nourishment within their reach; those which in this respect are well provided on a juicy, luxuriant shoot, being wingless; while those on a dry

and sapless branch, are gifted with pinions to waft them in search of better provender. Supposing this idea to be correct, we have herein another striking instance, added to the many, of providing care in that Power which careth for all, and adapts for all the means to the exigence.

If we examine, now, the wingless multitude—the *canaille* of our rose-bud—we shall find that the individuals which compose it have shorter legs and flatter bodies than their winged superiors, and that they differ exceedingly in size from one another. For the most part their color is a light green, though some are of a pale red; but, however else they differ, all, both winged and wingless, are furnished with one remarkable appendage common to the whole aphid tribe, to whatever plant peculiar, from the lordly oak to the lowly brier. This is the *haustellum*, trunk, or sucking-pipe, appended beak-like to the head, and which, consisting of a tube both pointed and perforated, serves the double purpose of piercing the leaf and sucking its juices.

The pipes of these our little ravagers of the rose, are but as beaklets compared with those of their brethren of the oak;* yet they form, we can tell you, no despicable instruments of destruction, employed as they are by thousands in simultaneous and incessant labor. And this considered, who can wonder at the marvellous and unsightly changes, the spoil and havoc, which these peaceful armies carry in their wake? The leaf, whose surface, when they take it in possession, resembles a smooth green plain, or, divided by intersecting veins, a country of verdant fields, is presently warped and converted into barren hills and arid dales by the extraction of its fertilizing sap; while the tender bud and vigorous shoot, though differently, are equally distorted and desiccated by their operations.

For the most part, these insect marauders, living to eat and to be eaten, seem to have no other business, no thought or care, except on the matter of supplies, and take no trouble to conceal their ranks from the observation of their numerous enemies, or even to shelter themselves from the stormy wind and rain which sweep them off by millions. That well-known blighter of the hopes of hop-growers (in common parlance yclept, "the fly," albeit generally wingless) is an open ravager of this description, feeding sometimes on the upper, sometimes on the under, side of the leaf. But to this general rule there are numerous exceptions, and a familiar instance of their defensive works is to be met with on every aphid-blighted currant-bush. Take one of those leaves so often seen bloated by raised blister-spots of brownish red, examine their answering concavities beneath, and within these snug recesses you will intrude on many social groups of aphides, using their pipes in each separate divan.

Recommending the reader not to pass over, as we must, the highly interesting chapter, headed, "Life in Death," we proceed to that on the "Aëronauts," not the Duke of Brunswick and Mr. Green, but The Spiders, with their gossamer balloon threads. No, though sorely tempted, we must not indulge in extracts, not even to delight the reader with the description of the transparent abode of the diving water-spider, *Argyroneta aquatica*, built, as Kirby and Spence declare, in water, and formed of air, in which subaqueous yet dry apartment she, like a mermaid or sea-nymph, resides.

The "Uses of Insects" are next considered; and, after the praises of honey, and a notice of the stingless bees of Mexico—and, perhaps, of Paradise—we are presented with a regular bill of insect-fare.

We have only to go back to the commencement of the Christian era, and we shall find that, while

* London: John Van Voorst. 1849.

* Oak aphides (*A. quercus*.)

John the Baptist was subsisting in the desert of Judea, upon the simple and ordinary fare of "locusts and wild honey," imperial, luxurious Rome was regaling, in her banquet-halls, upon veritable insects—luscious caterpillar grubs, fattened on flour, as we fatten oysters upon meal. This was the *cossus* of Pliny, and supposed identical with the unsightly wood-devouring larva of the great goat moth—a lurid red and yellowish caterpillar, bulky, black-headed, and black-clawed, a dorkling dweller in the trunk of oak or willow, of which, in due season, we have much more to tell.

Again, without going back at all into remote ages, we have only to go east and west, north and south, into countries which, now brought near by the power of steam, are remote no longer, and we shall still find men in daily commission of what, to the narrow ken of prejudice, may seem the enormity of insect-eating; thereto incited, in one quarter, by the caprice of epicurean luxury, in another, by the united pressure of indolence and scarcity. The two extremes of society, civilized and barbarous, are here brought together in one common habit. See, in the West Indies, the French planter *gourmand* (and sometimes the English, as his copyist) seated at his luxurious table, oiling the hinges of his worn-out appetite with those lumps of insect fatness known as the grubs of the palm weevil; and then turn to the poor degraded Hotentot, squatted on the arid ground, swallowing, by handfuls, white ants roasted, washed down by locust soup, or just as often, too hungry or too indolent to dress them, devouring the uncooked insects.*

Why should the Frenchman, wiping his mouth after snail soup, laugh at the Chinaman smacking his lips after a dish of silkworm chrysalides? Shrimp-eaters as we are, why should we stare at the locust-feeding Ethiop or Arab, and why should he who has supped off roasted crabs despise a New Caledonian for seasoning his breakfast with a relish of roasted spiders?

But the reader must not suppose that Acheta thinks shrimps and crabs insects, though Linnæus—led probably by the consideration of the subaqueous life of several larvæ and pupæ—thought so. No; she knows that "fleas are not lobsters," and makes no allusion to their souls.

This is an age of progress; and we are encouraged to look forward to the time when

Cockchafers and chafer grubs may yet become articles for the London spring market, and patés de sauterelles may yet have a place in second courses. The idea is not utopian, neither is it new; for Dr. Darwin long ago recommended the former as a delicate addition to the list of *entremets*, and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, who himself dared to venture on the thing unknown, pronounced the large green grasshopper to be excellent. And why not? Full of sweet vegetable juices, fresh imbibed, and in some cases, as in aphides, scarcely altered, wherefore should insects in the shape of diet be viewed with abhorrence and disgust, and that forsooth, by coarse shamle-fed animals, living upon stall-fed oxen and sty-fed swine?

Then follow insect remedies, of which we may have to say something in a future paper, silken clothing, insect dyes, wax and its uses, insect purifiers, and insect checks and counter-checks.

The eggs of the silkworm are said to have been first brought from India to Europe, about the year 550, by two monks, who, having concealed them in hollow canes, introduced them at Constantinople, from whence they reached Italy. That country then became the grand European emporium for silk, both raw and manufactured. In the reign of Henry VI., there was a company of silk-women in England, but

* Smeathman.

these are supposed to have been only needle-workers in silken thread; our supply of the broad manufacture not coming from Italy till 1489. About 1520, the French, with Milanese workmen, manufactured but did not cultivate; and in 1547, silk, in France, was still scarce and dear. Its cultivation was introduced into that kingdom by Henri Quatre, contrary to the opinion of Sully. Our James the First was no less earnest for its culture in England, and, in 1608, vainly urged it from the throne. Twenty years later, the silk manufactures of Britain had become very considerable; these were further improved by French workmen driven hither by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; still more so, by the invention of the silk-throwing machine at Derby, in 1719; and, by 1730, we are told that even in Italy the English silks bore a higher price than the Italian. At the present time, although we import of silk goods very largely, we also export of the same even to countries which come in competition with our own. Our exports of those commodities to France, Germany, and Italy, were estimated, in 1843, at the value of near 200,000*l.*, and in 1844, the quantity of raw silk consumed, at 4,431,812 lbs.

To say nothing of the inestimable services of myriads of flies and carrion beetles, as scavengers whose perpetual labors even in our temperate climate, but infinitely more so in warmer regions, are essentially important to cleanliness and health, our authoress witnessed ample proof of the efficacy of insects as purifiers of standing waters, when keeping the larvæ of gnats for the purpose of observing their transformations. She found that water swarming with those "lives of buoyancy" was perfectly sweet at the end of ten days, while that from the same pond, containing only vegetable matter, became speedily offensive.

"Insect Senses" next claim our attention and admiration. In the size and number of their visual organs, insects are surpassingly gifted. The cornea or outer coat of their compound eyes is divided into numerous facets, each facet being itself a little perfect eye. Of these, 17,385 have been assigned to each compound organ in the butterfly, 12,544 in the dragon fly, and 7000 in the house fly.

How do these multitudinous eyes act?

Muller tells us that each individual facet of an insect's eye can survey but a small space in the field of vision, each only contributes to the perception of all things within it. Each separate one does not at the same time see all such objects, but only conveys its impression to the nervous filament with which it is supplied, and the latter being united in the great optic nerve, a common and distinct image is ultimately produced. If we look attentively at the eye of a butterfly, it presents the appearance of a multiplying glass, the facets resembling a cut diamond. The ocelli, or simple eyes, usually three in number, appear like little points of crystal, seated generally above the compound pair, and are supposed to be intended, as in bees, for the purposes of close vision, such as the examination of leaves and flowers.

That the compound eyes are really multiplying glasses we know; and we are told that through the eye of a flea, (so placed as to command objects with the assistance of a microscope,) a single soldier has appeared at once diminished and multiplied into a Liliputian army; while the flame of a single candle has been made, in like manner, to represent a grand miniature illumination.

The position of insect eyes, and the exquisite nicety of their adaptation, are worthy of especial notice.

In that little shining beetle, called the whirlwig, which may be seen every summer's day whirling about the surface of smooth waters, each of the eyes is, as it were, divided into an upper and a lower half; the one for looking up into the air, the other for looking down into the water. Those of the harvest-spider are seated at the top of the head, of all positions the most convenient for a creature living chiefly among grass or stubble. In a common spider, the eyes, which are all of the simple kind, are no less excellently calculated by their varied positions, front, top, and sideways, for commanding that range of sight so useful, especially in the hunting tribes, for perception and seizure of their prey.

The seat of hearing is, with apparently good reason, believed to be in the antennæ, by means of which insect-conversation appears to be principally carried on.

The "Defence of Wasps" is made with the discretion of a good advocate, and the process of queen-making, and all the phases of Apian political economy, are cleverly noted.

The queen of the hive, born like the queens of earth, no better than her meanest sisterhood, like them, issues from the egg a helpless grub; but the chamber of her birth, as compared with theirs, is of right royal dimensions, vertical in position, and of cylindric instead of octagonal form. Ample room is thus afforded for the full expansion and development of all her members, as she progresses towards maturity; while, to hasten and improve her growth, the food supplied her by her assiduous nurses and future subjects, is of the most nutritious and delicate description; not the simple bee bread composed of common pollen, and considered good enough for common bee-infantry, but a rare and curious preparation nicely concocted from flowery juices, and, as reserved expressly for royal nutriment, called by bee-farmers "royal jelly." Thus spaciouly lodged and delicately fed, the favored grub, when arrived at full growth, spins within her cell a silken shroud; therein changes to a nymph or pupa; and thence, in due time, issues forth in all her dignity of majestic size, in all the resplendency of her golden-ringed body-suit, the more conspicuous for the scantiness of her gauze drapery—those filmy wings in which alone her outward gifts, instead of surpassing, are inferior to those of her subjects.

Come we now to the busy workers, of whom the numerous sisterhood, the million of the hive, is made up. From these the bee character has been always painted and painted justly, as loyal and patriotic, laborious, patient, and skilful, to which might be added, maternally affectionate; for though never mothers themselves, the latter propensity possesses them so strongly as to convert their office as nurses to the queen's progeny—to all, in short, of the infant community—into what would seem truly a labor of love. Although their instinctive virtues (if we may use the term) are so immeasurably expanded beyond the narrow growth of those apparent in their royal mistress, compression is one of the agents employed to effect this mighty difference between them; and the worker bee is, it would seem, made a useful member of the body politic, by a process very similar to that which renders the foot of a Chinese lady a somewhat useless member of her body natural.

The baby bee, destined to become a bee laborer, finds herself, on emerging from the egg, an inhabitant of one of those common six-sided cells, which (as it would appear) is so proportioned as in some measure to limit her growth, and thus prevent her from attaining her full development. To this outward restriction is superadded an inward check in the quality of the food administered by her nurses. In lieu of the royal jelly, that stimulating and nutritious extract prepared only for the queen, her infancy is supported on the simple fare of bee-bread, which, while it suffices

to bring to maturity every useful endowment of activity, affords no food for the development of the sensual and vindictive passions, and with all these smothered in the cradle, our worker comes forth, mature in all Apian excellence—modest in habits, a nun among insects, and a very "sister of charity" among her fellows.

The moths are next considered as destructives, and, we doubt not, glory in the name. Take the well-clad clothes' moth for example.

Here we have one of the varlets in his self-wrought case! Let us look and examine how he has contrived to make it. The foundation of his fabric is formed of silk of his own spinning, into which he has thickly interwoven portions of fur, so as to make himself a sort of muf at the expense of ours, taking for his purpose the longer and stiffer hairs, leaving for food the softest and shortest. Upon this his furry pasture, (as soon as his covering is completed, and not before,) he begins to regale at leisure, an opening being left for the protrusion of his head at one end of his movable encasing garment. He would rather die of hunger than feed uncovered. As its inmate (or wearer) fattens, the case would become, of course, too small; but, to meet this growing evil, he lengthens it by working in fresh hairs at each end, at the same time widening it by the insertion of pieces on each side. By moving these little tailors, and setting them to work on various stuffs, we can cause them to make up regularly striped coats of many colors.

The moth caterpillars of this family, which attack wool, tapestry, and the treasures of the cabinet, go to work much in the above manner with the different materials provided ready to their mouths by the prospective care of their mothers. Those of the cabinet scruple not to make free with the wings of their defunct fellow-insects, cutting and clipping them into convenient pieces for the shaping and strengthening of their own body-coats.*

The volume closes with a most ominous chapter on those murderous imps, "The Water Devils," in which the whirlwigs† and boatmen,‡ the water-scorpion,§ the larva of the dragon-fly, and the great water-beetle (*hydrophilus*) figure darkly and terribly. All are cruel and notorious pirates; and some of these diabolical insects, not content with slaughter as a food-supply, actually kill for killing sake. So thoroughly savage is the nature of the water-scorpion, that one of them put into a basin with several tadpoles, killed all and ate none.

For the present we unwillingly quit these pleasant pages, but hope soon to follow our seducing sibil through her second and third series. Enough has been laid before our readers to justify her vindication of the study of insects.

In its minute details it is well calculated to give habits of observation and of accurate perception, while, as a whole, the study of this department of nature, so intimately linked with others above and below it, has no common tendency to lift our thoughts to the great Creative source of being—to Him, who has not designed the minutest part of the minutest object, without reference to some use connected with the whole.

We have only to add, that the illustrations of this charming book are correct and elegant portraits, and that the vignettes which adorn the ends of the chapters are full of quaint advice. Of these, the Painted Lady at her toilette (p. 320) deserves especial notice. The book is dedicated to Kirby and Spence, and to Professor Forbes, so well known for his acute and accurate works on the *mollusca* and *radiata*, and for the highly-imaginative tail-pieces which relieve the profound scientific details of his volumes.

* See *Insect Architecture*, p. 209. † *Gyrinus natator*.

‡ *Notorecta glauca* or *furcata*. § *Nepa cinerea*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEANDER.

TRANSLATED FROM "SCHAFF'S KIRCHENFREUND."

AMONG the world-renowned men, who, during the summer of 1850, have been gathered in quick succession to the dead, stands conspicuous the German church father, Dr. Augustus Neander, after Schleiermacher the greatest theologian of the nineteenth century. True, he has occupied no ministerial post, like Robert Peel, has won no laurels of victory, like General Taylor, has adorned no throne, like Louis Philippe, and in the loud tumult of public worldly life his voice was not heard. But from his solitary study, Neander has exercised an influence quite as far-reaching as that of any of his companions in time and death; an influence, whose action was only more deep and beneficent by being inward and spiritual, and the force of which will continue to be felt without interruption as long as theologians and ministers of the gospel shall be trained for their heaven-appointed work. Though political history knows nothing of the quiet, humble scholar in Berlin, his name shines but the more illustriously for this in the records of the kingdom of God, which outlasts all earthly governments and sets at defiance even the gates of hell. Though, too, no monument should be raised to him of brass or marble, a far fairer and more imperishable memorial is already secured to him in the grateful hearts of thousands, who have been his hearers or readers, or who in coming time shall draw from his *works* a knowledge of the sorrows and joys, the conflicts and triumphs, the all-pervading and transforming heaven-like nature of the church of Jesus Christ, as well as from his *life* the priceless doctrine—that all true spiritual and moral greatness roots itself in *simplicity, humility* and *love*.

The outward history of Neander may be told in few words, as his whole life was spent in the study and lecture room. Born at Göttingen on the 16th of January, in the year 1789, educated in the Gymnasium at Hamburg and the University at Halle, a convert in youth from Judaism to the Christian faith, and thenceforward self-devoted with entire soul to the study of divinity, he made his appearance a. 1811 as private teacher at Heidelberg, and already, in the 22nd year of his age, by his well-known work on Julian the Apostate, settled his vocation to become the historian of the Church. Soon after, a. 1812, he received a call as Professor of Theology to the newly-founded university of Berlin; which, through him, Schleiermacher, de Wette, Marheinecke, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Fichte, Hegel, Böckh, Lachmann, Ritter, Ranke, and other no less celebrated names in all departments of learning, sprang forward with unexampled growth, and rose to be the metropolis of German science. Here he labored as a lecturer and writer, by doctrine and by example, on till his death on the 14th of July, 1850; only now and then breaking the uniformity of his existence, by a vacation trip, in company with his sister or with some student, for the benefit of his weak health, and to consult rare books or manuscripts in the libraries at Vienna, Munich, Brunswick, or elsewhere.

Behind this monotonous exterior, however, lay hid the richest spiritual life; and it must be exceedingly interesting to follow its gradual development on to full maturity, especially his conversion to Christianity and the different influences which led him to his peculiar theological standpoint. Among

these would have to be named before all the study of *Plato*, which kindled in him also, as formerly in the Alexandrian Fathers and in St. Augustine, an "incredible fire" of enthusiasm for the ideal, and served as a scientific schoolmaster unto Christ; or still more, perhaps, his early contact with *Schleiermacher*, who, by his animated "Discourses on Religion," like a priest in the outer court of Nature, conducted so many of the noblest and most gifted youth of the time out of the dry heath of the then dominant Rationalism at least to the threshold of Revelation. To this German Plato, his teacher in Halle and his colleague for many years afterwards in Berlin, Neander too stood indebted, as he himself always cheerfully acknowledged, for manifold quickening impulses, as he continued also most reverentially attached to him through life; although he differed from him materially in weighty points, particularly on the doctrine of sin, and had no sympathy with the pantheistic elements of his system, being altogether much more positive and realistic in his religious convictions. Valuable materials for such an inward spiritual history are already furnished in the correspondence with his university friend, the poet Chamisso, which was published some years since, and are to be found still more richly, we may presume, among his unpublished letters and papers. No doubt, also, some competent hand, having all these resources in reach, will soon be applied to the important task of providing a complete biography of the father of church history in its recent form. We have for this neither inward nor outward call, and propose here simply, as our title imports, some *recollections* of Neander, as he came before us in his riper years; reserving for a future article some notice of his character as a theologian and more particularly as a church historian. We discharge thus not merely a service which others have asked at our hands, but a duty of gratitude also in our own mind towards a never-to-be-forgotten instructor and friend.

In his *outward appearance*, to begin with what struck every one in an unusual degree, Neander was a perfect original, we might almost say one of the rarest natural curiosities. Even his clothing, a well worn coat of the ancient cut—we never knew him to wear a dress coat—jack-boots reaching above the knees, a white cravat carelessly tied, often on one side of the neck or behind it, an old-fashioned hat set aslant on the back of his head—presented an oddity, which seemed to mock the elegant refinement of Berlin, and yet was greeted respectfully by everybody, from the king to the loungee at the street corner. His absolute freedom from all that belongs to the stuff of vanity, and his extraordinary indifference to all outward things, gave occasion to the most ludicrous anecdotes; as, for instance, that he set off at times for the lecture room *sans culotte* and in his night-gown, but would be happily fetched back by his sister; or that, having once got with one foot into the gutter, he hobbled along the whole length of the street in this predicament, and as soon as he got home sent anxiously for a physician to cure him of his imaginary lameness! *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. He was of a slender bodily frame, of middling size, with strongly marked Jewish though at the same time most benevolent and good-natured features; the eyes, deeply seated and full of spirit, overshadowed as with a roof by an unusually strong, bushy pair of eye-brows. Thus he sat in his solitary study in the Markgrafen street, surrounded with the spirits of church fathers, schoolmen, mystics, and reform

ers, whose works lay on all sides in learned disorder, against the walls, on the floor, on tables and chairs, so that visitors could scarcely find a place on an old-fashioned sofa for sitting down, while the way out into the dining-room, and into the decently furnished parlor of the sister, led so to speak over pure corpses. Still more odd, if possible, was the appearance of the good man on the rostrum. As he could hardly have found the way by himself, and must have been put in danger by the moving crowd of vehicles and men, a student accompanied him every day to the university building as far as the reading room, where the professors and private teachers are accustomed to entertain themselves during recess. From this he proceeded alone into his lecture room, which was quite close at hand, shooting in sideways; seized first of all a couple of goose quills, which must be regularly laid upon the desk beforehand, to keep his fingers employed, and then began his lecture; spinning forth from his mind one idea after another with the greatest earnestness and zeal, without any other help than that of some illegible notices and citations; standing, but constantly changing the position of his feet; bent forward; frequently sinking his head behind the desk to discharge a morbid flow of saliva, and then again suddenly throwing it on high, especially when roused to polemic violence; at times threatening even to overturn the rostrum. The whole scene was so strange and eccentric, that one who heard him for the first time could hardly contain himself for astonishment, and had no power at all to follow him with the pen. And yet still the earnestness, the dignity, the enthusiasm of the eccentric professor, the extraordinary learning and power of thought that appeared in his lectures, restrained all laughter, nay, his personal aspect itself had always, even on the first acquaintance, something in it that inspired reverence and at the same time called forth confidence and love. In a short time, moreover, one grew accustomed to his strange exterior; the comical form vanished before its own solid contents, and served only to make them the object of higher admiration. For Neander all this was perfectly natural, and without the remotest thought of effect; altogether, indeed, there never was perhaps a man more free from affectation.

All these singularities of his outward appearance indicated that he was a stranger on this earth, and that he was formed wholly for the kingdom of the idea. His ignorance of worldly life and business, his perfect freedom from all the temptations of sensuality and vanity, his superiority to much that for others forms an indispensable need, his indifference towards the material side of existence, fitted him for his purely inward calling, and for undisturbed communion with the still spirit world of the past. He was an eunuch from his mother's womb, and consecrating this gift to the Lord, became thus also an eunuch for the kingdom of God's sake. (Matt. xix. 12.) He belonged to the exceptions, for whom the life of celibacy is a moral duty, and the means of greater activity and success, as it was for Paul and Barnabas. Instead of a wife, however, God had given him a true female companion in the person of a similarly unmarried sister, who took on her the care of his few wants with the most tender devotion, attended him almost daily in his walks under the lindens, and with kind hospitality entertained his numerous friends and pupils. She was also indeed highly peculiar, intellectual withal, and not wanting in wit and literary culture, but at

the same time was a good housekeeper and altogether a very sensible practical person, supplying thus her brother's defect. The peaceful and innocent living together of this original pair had in it something uncommonly touching, and no one could mistake the wise hand of Providence in their connection, for the accomplishment of the great spiritual work, to which Neander, so to speak, had been predestinated.

As regards the character of Neander, it was universally esteemed and admired. True, he also had decided theological opponents; for the Orthodox of the more strict class he was in many points too lax and yielding, for the Rationalists, too positive and firm; but all entertained for his character a sort of sacred veneration, and treated him accordingly with much more mildness and forbearance than is usual with such difference of views. His unusual learning was not of itself sufficient to protect him from assault; what surrounded him as an impenetrable tower, and made him invulnerable, was his moral purity and elevation, which at once struck even the most superficial observer, and in regard to which all room for doubt was cut off by his shewing himself always immediately as he was, the very personification thus of the simplicity of the dove. Any attack upon his character, any impeachment of his motives, could have sprung only from stock blind passion, would have awakened indignation throughout the whole theological camp of Germany, and so must have resulted almost inevitably in the moral discomfiture of the antagonist himself. Neander was one of those truly great men, with whom theory and practice, head and heart, fall perfectly together. Not without reason had he chosen for his motto: "*Pectus est quod theologum facit.*" He pursued theology, not as an exercise of the understanding merely, but always as a sacred business of the heart also, which he felt to be most intimately connected with the highest and most solemn interests of man, his eternal welfare and worth. The living centre and heart's blood of the science was for him faith in Jesus Christ, as the highest revelation of a holy and merciful God, as the fountain of all salvation and sanctifying grace for the world. Whatever he found that was really great, noble, good and true in history, he referred directly or indirectly to the fact of the incarnation, in which he humbly adored the central sun of all history and the innermost sanctuary of the moral universe. There were, no doubt, more orthodox theologians than Neander; for it is well known, that, with all his regard for the symbolical books, he would never confine himself to their measure, and conscientiously refused to sign the Augsburg Confession; but among all there was not one, perhaps, in whom doctrine was to the same extent life and power, in whom theoretic conviction had so fully passed over into flesh and blood, in whom the love of Christ and of man glowed with so warm and bright a flame. Here, in this unfeigned life-breathing piety, which had its root in Christ's person and gospel, and formed the foundation of all his theology, lay the irresistibly attractive charm of his lectures for every piously disposed hearer, and the edifying character of all his writings. Whilst, however, in this practical and soul-engaging character of his theology he fell in with the pietistic school of Spener and Franke, which asserted just this side of religion, the rights of the heart, the necessity of a *theologia regenerantium*, over against a lifeless orthodoxy of the intellect—he was, on the other hand, far removed from all pietistic narrowness and circumscription.

His extended historical studies had served to enlarge his naturally liberal mind to the most comprehensive catholicity, which it were gross wrong, however, to call latitudinarianism. He never lost his sound and simple sight for the main object, the life of Christ proceeding from a supernatural source; but he thought too highly of this, to compress it into the narrow bounds of a human form, some single tendency or school; he saw in it rather such an inexhaustible depth of sense, as could be in some degree adequately expressed only in an endless variety of gifts, powers, periods and nations. What a difference is there, for example, between an Origen and a Tertullian, a Chrysostom and an Augustine, a Bernard and a Thomas Aquinas, a Luther and a Melancthon, a Calvin and a Fenelon; or, when we go back to the Apostolical Church itself, between a Peter and a John, a James and a Paul, a Martha and a Mary! And yet, Neander knew how to trace out, and greet with joyous gratitude, the same image of Christ variously reflected in all. This will be spoken of more particularly hereafter, when we come to set forth his merits as a church historian; here we notice the wideness of his heart simply as an essential element in his practical piety. Between it and his studies there existed, undoubtedly, a relation of reciprocal encouragement and support. Thus was Neander in the noblest sense the friend of man, because Christ's friend, at home in all spheres of the invisible Church, the exact impression of evangelical catholicity, and an interpreter of the precious doctrine of the communion of the saints, which transcends all limits of time and space, and comprehends all the children of God under the One Head, Christ.

Here, however, must be brought into view a trait, of which, indeed, his writings furnish only occasional outbreaks, for the most part in prefaces, but which in his personal intercourse came to a very marked prominence. Neander's spirit, with all its love and softness, was yet capable also of very strong and decided aversion. This is by no means unpsychological. Hatred, in truth, is only inverted love. The same force that draws towards it what is in harmony with God, repels from it with equal determination what is of a contrary nature. John, the disciple of love, who lay on Jesus' bosom, was at the same time a son of thunder, who was ready to pray down fire from heaven upon the enemies of his Divine Master, forbade to salute such as should deny the fundamental mystery of the true divinity and humanity of Christ, and, according to ancient story, forsook a public bath suddenly, when he found that it contained Cerinthus, the Gnostic heretic. We have often thought that this apparent contradiction of mildness and harshness, gentleness and holy passion, in the case of the apostle, who in his Gospel passes by like a still, peaceful breeze, while in the Apocalypse he moves with the rushing force of the hurricane or storm, found its solution in Neander, though it is on account of his mildness only that he has generally been compared with John. It is well known that the same Neander, who as a historian could do justice to the most different tendencies, and who took even heretics as far as possible into his protection, showed himself impatiently intolerant towards altogether kindred manifestations, when they came before him in our time. It is known that on every opportunity in conversation he expressed his decided antipathy towards two leading forms of thought belonging to the present time; namely, against the

Hegelian philosophy and theology on the one hand, and against the positive or right side of this also in such men as Marheineke, Göschel, Dörner, Martensen, no less than the so called negative left, as represented by Baur and Strauss; and then, on the other hand, against the technical *church orthodoxy*, whether standing in the service of the Union, like Hengstenberg's *Kirchenzeitung*, or putting on the form of exclusive Lutheranism, as in the writings of Rudelbach and Guericke.* Here we must take care to distinguish well between right and wrong. Neander saw here two dangerous extremes, which threatened to rob the youth of Germany of the treasure of evangelical freedom, and to impose upon it new chains. From the Hegelian philosophy he feared the despotism of the spirit; from the strict orthodoxy, the despotism of the letter. He hated the onesided intellectualism and panlogism of the first, the narrow spirit and harsh judgments of the last. There Christianity seemed to him to lose itself in the clouds of idealism, here to fall into stagnation and stiffen into dead forms. Besides, he held it altogether vain to seek the restoration by force of any past period of the Church as such, or to dream of infusing new life again into that which has been once for all judged and set aside by the course of history. We honor now the motives which lay at the bottom of this whole view; and, as regards his opposition to the left side of the Hegelian school, we are of one mind with it entirely. For this modern Gnosticism represents the perfection of scientific unbelief, denies the existence of a personal God, the self-conscious duration of man after death, treats the Gospels as a book of fables, declares most of the N. T. writings to have been produced by the pious fraud of the period after the apostles, and dissolves all Christian ideas, so far as it has any left, into the creations of a philosophy that ends in pure mist and smoke. Against this arrogant pantheism, different from atheism only in form, this lifeless formalism of the understanding, that destroys at last all soul in man, and turns him into a pure speculator on the open heath, an unfruitful thinker of thinking, a heartless critic and fault-finder, Neander has often in private conversation entered his vigorous protest, asserting the authority of the Bible doctrine concerning God, and the claims of our common life, which can never possibly be satisfied by such dialectical play though it be ever so brilliant. And it is only to be wished, indeed, that he had taken occasion, in a public way, to assail much more sharply than he has done in fact, in his *Life of Christ*, for instance, the purely

* Of the last I seldom heard him speak, and then only in the most passing way and with contempt, as of an ungrateful copyist, who misused the hard work of other theologians, particularly those belonging to the "United Evangelical Church," in the service of his ultra-Lutheran dogmatism and fanaticism. The dishonorable dependence of Guericke's *Church History* on the works of Neander, Hase, and others—of his "Symbolik" on the copied lectures of Ullmann, (which, in the general part, as Ullmann himself once told me, he made use of by pages and chapters, almost word for word, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source,)—of his *Introduction* on various books in the same line, used but not quoted, among others Gerlach's N. T., &c.—is something well known; and would not be noticed here at all, had not an English Quarterly in this country, for which otherwise we have only the best wishes, in repeated instances, with well-meaning ignorance, praised this same Guericke, as one of the greatest if not the very first among the scholars of Germany, and as a model theologian worthy of universal study!

negative special pleading of the mythologist, Dr. Strauss, and in his Age of the Apostles, also, the altogether similar proceeding of Baur, Schwegler, and Zeller, with the Acts of the Apostles and the N. Testament Epistles. As regards, however, the positive Christian speculation which has leaned more or less on the Hegelian philosophy, he certainly carried his opposition too far, although we may well admire his sense for the simple, sound and natural, which often lay at the bottom of it. There was much, no doubt, to object to in various attempts of a Göschel, a Marheineke, &c., to unite Hegel's philosophy with biblical Christianity and church orthodoxy, much that was sickly and false; but still the necessity of a speculative theology, aiming to satisfy the highest requirements of reason, lies deep in the process of Protestantism itself, and many of the best and most gifted men (think only, for example, of Daub, Dörner, Rothe) have devoted, and still devote, their noblest powers to this great problem, the reconciliation of reason with revelation, not despising in such task the help of this profound and comprehensive thinker, who may well be styled the German Aristotle. Neander had the less cause to denounce root and branch the Hegelian philosophy, with all belonging to it directly or indirectly, as he himself in one most weighty point fell in with it; namely, in the idea of *development*, which lies at the foundation of his Church History, while it forms (though, indeed, in very different logico-dialectical shape) the very life-blood of Hegel's system. Thus decidedly unjust towards Hegel and his disciples, he allowed himself, on the other hand, to be greatly carried away with the sanguine hopes, which were fixed on the coming forward of Schelling in Berlin with his "positive" philosophy, as it was called—hopes that have been since but very partially fulfilled. Just as little, finally, can we approve his harsh judgment upon the revival of the strong church tendency, by which he brought dissension unnecessarily into the ranks of the friends of revelation, and, without meaning it, placed in the hands of the Rationalists a welcome weapon against the cause of truth. Who will deny that, especially in a time so distracted and unsettled as ours, this revival of the symbolical theology had full right and weighty reason, though we agree with Neander, of course, in the view that the present has a far more comprehensive task to fulfil than simply to restore again out and out the church relations of the 16th century—a thing at all events that can never be done. Neander, moreover, could not but know that in the most essential points of faith he was himself of one mind with those champions of church orthodoxy, and differed from them properly only in scientific form and range of vision. The more unfair has it appeared to us for this reason, that whilst he showed a certain toleration even towards Dr. Strauss in his well-known judgment on the prohibition of his infamous "Leben Jesu," he should have held himself almost entirely aloof from his colleague, Hengstenberg, a man who has borne so much of the reproach of Christ, and that, to the deep grief of the pious in Berlin, he renounced at last formally and publicly all connection whatever with the "Evangelical Church Journal," on account especially of its undue severity towards the cherished memory of his great friend, Schleiermacher. They were men, indeed, of altogether different nature, but yet not more so than, for instance, Melancthon and Calvin, who, notwithstanding, honored and loved one another as brothers.

At all events, think of these theological tendencies themselves as we may, the manner and style in which Neander was accustomed to assail them, in his evening circles particularly, urged on often by slavishly devoted students, was by no means free from morbid irritation and passion; an infirmity suited to keep the admiration of his friends from running into actual man worship.

The weakness of a great and good man goes only to show that the highest human virtue is imperfect, and that we all need mercy and intercession. The fact was well understood by the humble Neander himself, who, in addressing his pupils from his window, on the last anniversary of his birth, poured forth publicly a confession of his own sinfulness that moved every heart.

Aside, however, from the strong and invincible prejudices now mentioned, it was not easy, indeed, to detect in him a single fault; he presented, on the contrary, a combination of the noblest qualities and fairest virtues, refined by the spirit of Christianity, such as is rarely indeed met with in a single man. The leading features of his character were *simplicity, honesty, disinterestedness, humility, love*. Of the plots and intrigues, the manifold duplicities and crafty calculations of worldly men, he had hardly a conception even by hearsay; his noble Nathanael spirit lay clear and open before God and man, like the simplicity of the dove itself. He gave his confidence to everybody, and was thus, indeed, often enough deceived. Great as his theoretic knowledge of men was, he erred very often in the application of it to particular actual cases, and this from sheer goodness of heart and childlike simplicity. To understand and admire in its true living force that great word of the Redeemer, *Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*, it was only necessary to become acquainted with Neander. He was in very truth a child in malice, and yet at the same time a giant in understanding. In our whole life we have never met, among learned men, with spirits more childlike and amiable than those of Neander and the pious naturalist and traveller, G. H. von Schubert, of Munich. And who does not admire the noble and conscientious regard for truth, which appears in all Neander's scientific investigations, not excepting those even in which his views, whether right or wrong, were found to deviate from the older orthodoxy? His disinterestedness was, we may well say, without bounds. He had, indeed, for his own person externally few wants; his clothing was of the most simple sort; his moderation in eating and drinking reminded one of the lives of the old ascetics, and of St. Anthony, who felt ashamed as an immortal spirit of having to use earthly food. By reason of his unpractical nature, moreover, and his total abstraction from the world, he was indeed wholly ignorant of the value of money, and had not his sister relieved him from taking care of it, he would no doubt have brought himself to beggary over and over again by sheer benevolence. In this respect, also, he showed not a trace of his Jewish descent. It is known that the university teachers in Germany receive a part of their remuneration from the students, who have for this purpose to pay over a fixed sum for every course to the treasurer. To get a remission of this honorarium from Neander was the easiest thing in the world, and he was very often imposed on here by those who were anything but poor. The Society for Sick Students in Berlin owed its origin to him, and he devoted to it the whole profits of several of his writings; as

he gave also all that he got for another part of his works to Bible Societies, for the circulation of Bibles among the heathen. Every one in want or need found with him a sympathizing heart and liberal hand. We have still a very lively remembrance of his heartfelt interest for a young man who was blind. Earnestly thirsting after religious knowledge, the youth had attended several of his lectures, in 1840-41, on church history and exegesis, and spoke afterwards with the most grateful satisfaction of the spiritual benefit they had afforded him. When Neander heard of his necessitous circumstances, he showed the greatest emotion, inquired with staring eyes and growing agitation into all the details, and then hurried away to his sister to procure him help. We happened to be in his study at the time, and the scene struck us the more deeply, as Neander, by reason of his total lack of practical tact, had himself the air of one perfectly helpless, and with the greatest readiness to assist was still in a perfect quandary as to how it should be done, till his sister or some student came to his relief. And how much good did he not do, which only eternity will bring to light! For he was the man, precisely and in full, to abhor all show, and not to let the right hand know what was done by the left. No doubt he possessed naturally in high degree what we call a good heart; but it was lifted into the region of grace, and seasoned and sanctified by the love of Christ, the Saviour of the world. Of sexual love he knew nothing; and yet how highly he conceived of the dignity and worth of woman; how beautifully he has portrayed the blessed influence of pious mothers upon the religious history of several of the greatest church fathers, such as Gregory of Nazianz, Chrysostom, and Augustine; how tenderly devoted was he towards his sisters, especially to that one who gave herself up to the care of his earthly wants, that his rich mind might be consecrated to the undisturbed service of the Church! Sons and daughters were denied him; but this privation was made up to him in his students, for whom he had the feelings of a real father. Never, perhaps, was the love of a professor towards theological youth so deep and strong. No wonder that they were enthusiastically devoted to him also in return. As often as his birth-day came round, they brought him some suitable present and a serenade, to which was added not unfrequently a grand torch-light procession; not only his own immediate pupils, but hundreds of students also from the other faculties, joining with lively interest in the occasion. And as he was ready to serve every German youth, so had he a warm welcome also for every foreigner, who visited him as a theologian or as a friend of the kingdom of God. In France, England, Scotland, and America, there are to be found many very worthy ministers, who have experienced his kindness and hospitality, and hold them still in thankful remembrance. Through such visits, where his familiarity with the French and English languages did him excellent service, he has scattered many a noble seed into distant lands, which has since sprung up in quiet stillness, and is now yielding fruit a hundred fold. For Americans he had a certain partiality, as a free course of the religious life, undisturbed by any sort of political influence, fell in specially with his taste; although of course the division and distraction of the Church in this country was not approved by him, and near at hand would have been still more deplored than as seen only at so great a distance. For he was

emphatically a man for union, and sought the one in the manifold no less than the manifold in the one.

This glorious character, thus full of childlike simplicity, tender conscientiousness, unwearied professional fidelity, and warm self-sacrificing love, this life thus wholly consecrated to the highest ends of the spirit, the advancement of truth and piety, was rooted and secured throughout in the grace of *humility*. Neander knew the deep corruption of human nature, the absolute necessity of its redemption in Christ, placed himself cheerfully in the great concern of life by the side of the least; with all his uncommon learning, preferred the simple, unadorned preaching of the gospel for poor sinners to the most brilliant displays of rhetorical talent; listened on Sunday with touching attention and devotion to the foolishness of the cross, which yet puts to shame all the wisdom of this world; and with all his immense popularity, and his fame spread over the whole theological world, never allowed himself to be blinded by pride and vanity, or to swerve the breadth of a finger even from the track of that virtue which Chrysostom styles the foundation of all Christian morality; he remained to the last breath as simple and humble as a child, and would be nothing in himself, but all only in and through Christ. One of his favorite mottoes, which he wrote for us in our album, was, *Theologia crucis, non gloriæ*; and according to this he himself lived, spoke, and wrote, till life's frail tenement gave way, and his spirit passed into the full vision of the crucified One in glory.

Neander had always a weak and sickly body. In the last years of his life, however, he became in a very peculiar sense a theologian of the cross, with painful experience that the *via lucis* is indeed also a *via crucis*. By a dark though gracious dispensation of the Lord, he was doomed, like the illustrious author of the *Paradise Lost*, to an almost total loss of sight, long before weakened by incessant study day and night—a doubly severe trial for a scholar, and particularly for a historian, to whom no organ is in any degree so valuable and necessary as his eyes. Thus must this friend of God be perfected by suffering. His faith gave him power to bear also this calamity, and to him might be applied in full measure what St. Anthony once said to the blind church teacher, Didymus of Alexandria: "Let it not trouble thee to be without the eyes with which even flies can see; but rejoice rather that thou hast the eyes that angels see with, for the vision of God and his blessed light." Not a murmur, not a sound of complaint or discontent, passed over Neander's lips; and in this way the crown was set upon his character by *patience* and quiet *resignation* to God's will. He did not suffer himself to be interrupted in his work by this affliction, and showed in it a rare power of will over opposing nature. Not only did he continue to hold his lectures as before with the most conscientious fidelity, but he went forward unceasingly also in his literary labors with the help of a reader and amanuensis. Nay, he took part even so late as the beginning of the year 1850, in connection with Dr. Julius Müller of Halle and Dr. Nitzsch of Berlin, in establishing a new periodical, the valuable "*Deutsche Zeitschrift für christliche Wissenschaft und christliches Leben*;" and furnished for it a number of excellent articles, such as a retrospect of the first half of this century, one on the difference between the Hellenic and Christian Ethics, another on the practical exposition of the Bible—in

which he still soared with unabated strength like an eagle, only a short time before his death.

What his departed friend, Schleiermacher, had wished for himself already in his "Monologues," and afterwards actually received, was granted also to Neander, the privilege, namely, of dying in the full possession of his mental powers and in the midst of his work. Only eight days before his death, on the occasion of a visit from Gutzlaff, "the apostle of the Chinese," he made an address with youthful freshness on the Chinese Mission, and looked forward with animation to the future triumphs of the kingdom of God, the setting forth of whose growth, under the guidance of the twofold likeness of the mustard seed and leaven, he considered the great business of his own life. On the following Monday, the 8th of July, he delivered his last lecture, in the midst of severe pains from an attack of something like cholera, so that his voice several times failed, and he was scarcely able, with the help of some of the students, to come down the steps of the rostrum. But, notwithstanding this, immediately after dinner, which he hardly touched, he set himself again to dictating for the last volume of his Church History, which was to describe the close of the Middle Ages and the preparation for the Reformation, until nature, violently kept down, asserted in the end her rights, and fastened him to his bed. Then he had his last and severest trial to endure, in ceasing to work for the kingdom of God, which had always been his life and highest joy. Several times, indeed, he wanted to gather himself up again, and to put force on his sinking body, and became almost impatient when the physician refused to allow it. But his affectionate sister now reminded him of what he used to say to her in sickness, to engage her submission to medical judgment: "It comes from God—therefore must we suit ourselves to it cheerfully." Calmed at once, and as it were ashamed, he replied: "That is true, dear Hannah, it all comes from God, and we must thank him for it." So formerly the great bishop, Chrysostom, whose life and deeds Neander had delighted to portray, expired in banishment with the exclamation, "God be praised for all!" Still, however, only a few hours before his dissolution, on Saturday afternoon, the "father of modern church history" once more collected his strength, and, taking up the thread of his unfinished work just where he had left off before, dictated a description of the differences among the so-called "Friends of God," those remarkable German Mystics of the 14th and 15th centuries, who, with so many other revelations of that transition period, not unlike our own, prepared the way both negatively and positively for the Reformation and its Protestant results. After this worthy conclusion of his literary activity, about half past nine o'clock, he longed for rest, and in a sort of half dream, as at the end of a toilsome journey, addressed his sister with the significant words: "I am weary, let us go home!" When the bed had been put in order by a friendly hand for his last slumber, he threw the whole tenderness and affection of his nature once again into a scarcely audible "Good night;" slept then for four hours, breathing always more softly and slowly; and with the morning of the Lord's day, on what is styled in the church year the Sunday of Refreshing, awoke in the morning of eternity among the spirits of the just made perfect. There, in the midst of his favorite kindred minds, Melancthon, Bernard, Anselm, Chrysostom, Augustine, and St.

John, he rests now from all labor, in blissful joy, on the breast of him whom not having seen he here loved, feasting his eyes with that glory of which all earthly beauty is but a dim shadow.

But as for us, who remain bound to the earth, and are called to work and wrestle still amid the tumultuating, growing confusion of the church militant, we can only pray in humility that it may please the Lord soon to bring in that *Johannean Age*, of which the sainted Neander, the "Præceptor Germaniæ," so often prophetically spoke—the age of love, of peace, in which all the past contradictions of the Church shall be reduced to harmony and order, when every knee in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth, shall bow to him, and all who love Christ shall join with one heart and mouth in praising the Triune God.

It will be perceived that this very imperfect sketch rests upon something more than a mere literary interest in Neander. The writer did not belong, indeed, to the more intimate circle of his disciples and followers. When my acquaintance with him commenced, I had already nearly completed my theological studies, under wholly different influences in part, at Tübingen and Halle, and my attendance on his lectures was limited to the third part simply of his course in Church History, reaching from the Reformation down to the present time. The relation besides in which I stood to speculative theology and church orthodoxy, was not exactly what he could approve. The first I then held, and still hold, to be highly necessary, for the full solution of certain great problems of the present time, particularly the christological question, or at least for bringing them nearer to their final solution; the second I regard not merely as a barrier to the destructive tendencies of unbelief, but as a wholesome counterpoise also to that onesided subjectivity, which is the fault of our modern Protestantism generally. If the later evangelical theology then, among whose founders Schleiermacher must be allowed at least to hold a prominent place, is ever to accomplish its mission, it may never renounce connection with the faith of the fathers, and it must show itself also in the widest sense practical and churchly; that is, it must lead to a new construction of the general life of the Church, in which shall be happily united and preserved the results of all earlier history, the bloom and fruit of the past both Protestant and Catholic. Notwithstanding these differences, however, which touch not indeed the substance of Christian faith, Neander always treated me, as a student, and in the exercises connected with the taking of my degree, and afterwards as *privatdozent*, with the greatest friendship, and with a love I may say which was truly paternal. He was ever ready to direct and assist me in my studies. It was my privilege to spend many precious hours, partly alone with him in his study and partly at his dinner table, to which his particular friends were so often invited; and I count it a special favor of the Lord, that he permitted me to come so closely to such a theologian, in whom learning and piety were so harmoniously blended, and from whose frail body the life of Jesus Christ was reflected with such unearthly beauty, and to impress upon my memory his beloved image, as a powerful monition to simplicity, to gentleness, to humility, to love, and to a heavenly mind. When, accordingly, in the year 1843, partly by Neander's recommendation, I was called altogether unexpectedly to Merceburg, he gave me at parting his warm

shake of the hand, and his hearty benediction, which I cannot call to mind without grateful emotion. And, although my situation since has of necessity brought me into relation negatively and positively with the Anglo-American theology and religion, and I have accustomed myself to look at the history, both of the world and of the church, so to speak, from the American, or, more correctly, from the Anglo-German stand-point; I have still continued in almost daily connection with Neander's works, and have learned from them, particularly as regards the patristic period, more than from any other historian. When I made up my mind accordingly a year and a half since to publish my own Church History, I held it a simple duty of gratitude to dedicate the first volume to my venerated teacher and fatherly friend, and applied to him beforehand for permission to use his name in this way. In reply, though then already nearly blind, with his own trembling hand, and in almost illegible characters, he wrote me a letter, which I subjoin here in conclusion, as being one of the last probably that flowed from his pen, and because, besides, it contains a remarkable judgment on the events of the year 1848, and the crisis of the existing European culture, and, in this respect also, may not be without interest for his numerous friends and pupils.

Mercersburg, Pa.

P. S.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I can only return you my hearty thanks for the testimony you publicly offer me of your affectionate remembrance, and for the honor you propose to show me, whilst I desire for you, in your work, all illumination and strength from on high.

As regards your Journal, I believe something of it, through your kindness, has reached me, for which you have my hearty thanks. It is well that you have reminded me of it. I may now easily forget anything, and let it lie unused, as I can read only through other people's eyes, having suffered for two years past from the consequences of a paralysis settled in my own.

I had intended to send you, along with this letter, something new of my publications, and my new editions; but it is now omitted, as it just so happens that all my copies have already been given away. If the good Lord had not visited me with weakness in my eyes, I would have had the pleasure long since of being able to send you a new volume of the Church History as far as to the Reformation, and, perhaps, by this time even the history of the Reformation itself.

What men called freedom in our poor fatherland, during the mournful year 1848, is something very different from what is sought and meant by the spirit which has been born from the best English piety in your America. It was a conflict here between *atheism* and *Christianity*, between *vandalism* and *true civilization*. Even many years ago I predicted that the philosophy of onesided logic, intellectual fanaticism, and self-dedication, must lead to this proper consequence of its fictions, as by their popularization has now come to pass. Not as though this philosophy alone were in fault; but it was the most strictly consequent scientific expression of the reigning spirit of the age and its tendency. Nor will I deny that there are true wants also at hand, in the spirit of the age, and that nothing short of their satisfaction, which the gospel alone has power to secure, can bring any lasting relief. *We stand on the brink of an abyss, the downfall of the old European culture, or else on the confines of a new moral creation, to be ushered in through manifold storms, another grand act in the world-transforming process of Christianity.* In the mercy of a long-suffering God we will hope for the last.

Praying that God's richest blessing may rest on your family, on your work, and all that pertains to you, I remain,

Affectionately yours,

A. NEANDER.

Berlin, 28th October, 1849.

LORD ERSKINE'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS.—He has always expressed and felt a great sympathy for animals. He has talked for years of bringing into Parliament a bill to prevent cruelty to them. He has always had several favorite animals to whom he has been much attached, and of whom all of his acquaintances have a number of anecdotes to relate. A favorite dog, which he used to bring when he was at the bar to all his consultations; another favorite dog, which at the time he was lord chancellor he himself rescued in the street from some boys who were about to kill him, under pretence of his being mad; a favorite goose, which followed him wherever he walked about his grounds; a favorite macaw, and other dumb favorites without number. He told us now that he had got two favorite leeches. He had been bled by them last autumn, when he had been taken dangerously ill at Portsmouth; they had saved his life, and he had brought them up to town; had ever since kept them in a glass; had himself every day given them fresh water; and had formed a friendship with them. He said he was sure they both knew him, and were grateful to him. He had given them different names Home and Cline (the names of two celebrated surgeons), their dispositions being quite different. After a good deal of conversation about them, he went himself, brought them out of his library, and placed them in their glass upon the table. It is impossible, however, without the vivacity, the tones, the details, and the gestures of Lord Erskine, to give an adequate idea of this singular scene.—*Sir S. Romilly's Autobiography.*

ASPARAGUS.—Mrs. Swisshelm, who says very many good things, and knows a world more that she does not tell, discourses as follows about Asparagus:

From the kind of stalks served up at Pittsburg tables, and called "asparagus," one would conclude our gardeners never read, and so there is no use talking to them; but somebody who does read, and likes this excellent vegetable, might take trouble to tell them to salt their beds. Asparagus beds never require weeding, for there should be just as much salt put on as will kill every vegetable except asparagus. The weeds should be all killed with salt; and then the soil is in proper order, if rich enough, to bear asparagus like hoe-handles. We this spring put half a peck of salt, and three or four inches deep of well rotted stable manure, on a bed two feet and a half square. The stalks shoot up there about as thick as an ordinary candle—a dozen of them about every two days. They will not bear more than ten minutes' boiling; fifteen reduces them to a pulp. The asparagus is entirely free from that little pungent taste which resembles bad salad; and has that delicious flavor peculiar to itself.

THE Louisville Journal, in noticing the design of Putnam, of New York, to publish an elegantly illustrated edition of *Swallow Barn*, by J. P. KENNEDY, Esq., says:

We have always regarded *Swallow Barn* as one of the very highest efforts of American mind. It is exquisitely written, and the scenes are vividly described. Its pictures of Virginia life and manners are the best ever drawn. It is eminently worthy of a splendid edition, and if Americans do not buy copies of that in progress, readily, we shall be greatly surprised at their want of appreciation of a most excellent and fascinating work.

From the Spectator.

EMOLUMENTS OF THE BAR AND JUDICIAL SALARIES.

THE scope of the rule of Lord John Russell and other leading state economists is, that public servants ought to be paid such salaries as will command the highest services—that is, the best services, without reference to connexion, title or station. Conformably with this canon, the Salaries Committee went systematically to work, in the legal branch of the inquiry, by first ascertaining from unexceptionable sources the current and average annual gains of members of the bar, with the view of settling the future scale of judicial remuneration, so as to insure for the administration of justice the most serviceable worth and ability in the market. It is manifest, however, that the naked salary forms only one of the seductions of a judgeship in the superior courts; in addition, are the dignity, fixity, and independence of the appointment—its quietude, and exemption from the uncertainties, turmoil, and rivalries of forensic practice—with the further solace of patronage to some of the sages, and to all comfortable retiring pensions. Information, in consequence, was needed on these incidental adjuncts, and was sedulously sought and obtained. The following exhibits the results of the committee's investigations, for the United Kingdom.

For the sake of more readily contrasting the prospective salaries suggested by the committee, we add, in juxtaposition, the present salaries of judicial officers.

ENGLAND.		Proposed.	Present.
Lord Chancellor,		£8,000	£10,000
Master of the Rolls,		6,000	7,000
Vice-Chancellor of England,		5,000	6,000
Second Vice-Chancellor,		5,000	5,000
Masters in Chancery, each		2,000	2,500
Accountant-General,		2,000	4,863
Chief Justice of Queen's Bench,		7,000	8,000
Chief Justice of Common Pleas,		6,000	8,000
Chief Baron of Exchequer,		6,000	7,000
Twelve Puisné Judges, each		5,000	5,000
SCOTLAND.			
Lord President of the Court of Session,	4,300		4,800
Lord Justice-Clerk and President of Second Division of the Court of Session,	4,000		4,500
Lords of Session, Justiciary, and Exchequer, each	3,000		3,000
IRELAND.			
Lord Chancellor,	6,000		8,000
Master of the Rolls,	4,000		3,964
Chief Justice of Queen's Bench,	4,300		5,074
Chief Justice of Common Pleas,	4,000		4,612
Chief Baron of Exchequer,	4,000		4,612
Puisné Judges, each	3,000		3,688
Masters in Chancery, each	2,000		2,769

Besides the adjustment of judicial salaries, the committee submit other amendments of great importance. The emoluments of the law advisers of the crown they deem "excessive;" and suggest the payment of the attorney-general and solicitor-general by fixed salaries, in lieu of fees on briefs, patents, &c. The appointment, emoluments, and whole system of the accountant-general's office, are recommended for thorough revision, and that instead of Mr. Russell's present income from salary and brokerage, amounting, on the average of the last five years, to 4863*l.*, he be paid the sum of 2000*l.* per annum. The committee further recommend that various suggestions of their predecessors for enforcing the performance of duties by principals, in lieu of deputies or subordinate officers, be more strictly carried out in conformity with ex-

isting laws. To the supervision of the Treasury is recommended the present enormous expense of legal proceedings on behalf of the public; finally, the committee expresses its belief that in Scotland "the number of judges is larger than the population and business of that part of the United Kingdom require."

It was a delicate investigation, and nothing less than an imperative sense of public duty could have carried the committee through it. Of all the imposts that press upon the people, the income-tax is the most unpleasant: it is a prying tax, something of the nature of eaves-dropping or window-peeping, from which human nature instinctively recoils. Of a proximate kind was the task of the salaries committee: they had to ask questions and inquire into incomes and means of subsistence, and that too of a class the most sensitive, and to whom everything is so purely honorary that the least allusion to lucre or mercenary service is notoriously abhorrent. "Fees, indeed!"—who will name them in professional ears! "It is contrary," says Sir John Jervis, "not only to the etiquette, but, I am happy to say, to the universal practice at the bar, ever to notice or talk of fees." (*Evidence*. 1727.) Nevertheless, the committee persevered in its researches.

The season for inquiry was not the most favorable. Increase of population in the profession, as in other classes, has lessened the divisional portion of each member, and therewith the disposition to make revelations. Upon this point Sir John Jervis was closely pressed; but he was reticent in the extreme; he would not say whether the increase of barristers had been a hundred or a thousand, but it lay between—"it is not a thousand, it is more than a hundred." At a subsequent sitting the problem was solved; and Mr. Henry Drummond, a member of the committee, made this statement—"The total number of members of the bar in 1810 was 880; in 1821, 820; in 1830, 1129; in 1840, 1835; and now in 1850, 3268." Nearly a twofold increase in the last ten years, and far outstripping the rate of multiplication in any other subdivision of society. A somewhat corresponding ultra-fecundity has raged in Scotland and Ireland; the lord advocate remarking, that he supposed "two hundred gowned" every morning in term at Edinburgh, with only two silk gowns to strive for; and seven hundred was the approximate estimate of Mr. Keogh for Dublin.

Besides increase, various internal changes have been in operation, tending in a degree to revolutionize the English bar and lessen the enormous gains of the more gifted or fortunate. The number of courts has been augmented. Not very long ago there were only the Rolls Court and the Court of the Lord Chancellor for Equity, and the Rolls Court sat only two or three hours in the evening; it has now morning service like the rest; and the three courts of the vice-chancellors have been established in aid of the lord chancellor, besides relieving him of bankruptcy cases by placing them under a separate judicature. The reconstruction of the Court of Exchequer has enabled it to dispose of nearly as much common law business as the Court of Queen's Bench; and the Court of Common Pleas, which used to be the exclusive preserve of sergeants-at-law, has been opened to the whole bar. All these changes have tended to subdivide professional business among a greater number of individuals; although the aggregate quantity has doubtless been augmented from the increas-

ing wealth and population of the community. The County Courts are operating powerfully in the same direction, by opening a host of attractive tribunals, with provincial bars in costume—wig and gown, like their elders—to plead before them. In addition to the wider diffusion of legal employment, there has been a diminution in some descriptions from improvement in the poor-laws, lessening the amount of settlement and bastardy litigation, and from the numerous orders of the judges to shorten pleadings, and allow more applications to be made to them at chambers, instead of by motions of course in open court—to the profit of junior counsel.

However, let us see what are the present emoluments of the bar: they are not to be despised, though they do not so frequently amount to the nettings of 17,000*l.* or close on 20,000*l.* a year, as in the palmy days of Sugden, Romilly, Scarlett, and Campbell, the last of whom is considered to have realized as much as any one except his father-in-law, though Sir John never told how much he yearly shovelled into his banker's. Examples of such inordinate gains, it is probable, must now be sought only among the law advisers of the crown; and in courtesy we are bound first to notice her majesty's attorney-general, who, as leader of the bar, is cock of the walk.

Officially the attorney-general has no salary; he has only fees—which in strict etiquette ought not to be mentioned, but as Sir John Jervis has talked about them it may be allowable. "The fee," says he, "upon a special retainer, has been uniformly a fee of three hundred guineas," and the client is besides expected to take the counsel free of expense to the place of performance. This is the special retainer, distinct from the additional and larger fee marked upon the brief. "Some of my friends," says Sir John, "having an undeserved confidence in my exertions, give me three or four or five hundred guineas, and have not been dissatisfied with doing so." He was next questioned—

"Can you state to the committee the average official income of the attorney-general, which he obtains by virtue of his office, as distinguished from any private practice which he may have?" Answer—"The income which I have received, strictly official, on the average of the years 1847, 1848, and 1849, is somewhat above *ten thousand a year*. But that must not be taken as a pure gain to the law-officer of the crown; for, on becoming attorney-general, I necessarily gave up, as my predecessor had done, the whole of the common juries, and the business depending upon those and various other matters, which amounted to a very considerable sum in his case, and in my case they amounted to a considerable sum."

But this is not making quite a clean breast of it. Sir John mentions his losses, not his gains, by becoming attorney-general; he states the sacrifice of low practice he made, but not the high practice he acquired in virtue of his office. The private income of the attorney-general, from this and all other sources, it would perhaps be unbecoming to speculate upon; but in another place, (*Evidence*, p. 178.) Sir John Jervis informed the committee, that, in his opinion, there were five counsel, including himself and the solicitor-general, who were making more than 11,000*l.* a year; eight counsel who each make 8000*l.* a year; and twenty-three or twenty-four, including the first class, who earned more than 5000*l.* a year each. Sir John's income of upwards of 11,000*l.* in the first class was of course from his private practice; making, with

his official emoluments, an aggregate revenue of above 21,000*l.* per annum.

If this deduction is correct—and from the evidence it seems strictly so—it may be safely affirmed that there is nothing like it out of the church, nor perhaps within its sacred precincts; and it may be doubted whether the famous *Livre Rouge* of M. Necker contained any inscription of the receipts of courtier, courtesan, or farmer-general, so extraordinary as to match the yearly gains of the queen's official, in an office which all sorts of people—Thurlow, Gibbs, Shepherd, Gifford, and what not—have filled and may fill again.

It is possible that there may have been unintentionally a little exceeding in the statement of Sir John Jervis: knowing that his testimony was meant to be considered with the intent of a future arrangement of judicial pay, he may have been so carried away by a zeal natural in his situation, and absorbed in the future interests of the profession, as to be unmindful of what was personal to himself, so that he only preserved unimpaired for others the inheritance; or possibly he may have had a presentiment that he himself might one day be a judge, and such in truth he became within about a month after his appearance before the committee.

Whatever there may be in these conjectures, his statement of juris-consult affluence does not exactly coincide with that of Mr. Charles Le Blanc, the well-informed solicitor of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Le Blanc was not sure, but he thought there was no one at the bar who now makes 11,000*l.* a year.

"I think," says he, "there may be a few who make perhaps 7000*l.* a year, and a few who make 5000*l.*; but I should say that there were only a few who make either 11,000*l.* or 7000*l.* or 5000*l.*; that is my own impression. I think that if the committee will bear in mind the length of the vacation during the year, and deduct also the Sundays and a few other holidays, they will find that it must be very difficult indeed for a man to make anything like the income that many of the public have conceived from time to time that the members of the bar have made. Of course there have been opportunities, but I do not think such opportunities now exist, of men getting 1000, or even 2000 or 3000 guineas at a time: but I do not know of any such case of late years. I believe that sometimes on the Northern Circuit barristers have been taken from town, and have been paid a fee of 500 or 1000 guineas; I am sure that those large fees are seldom paid now-a-days."—*Evidence*, p. 168.

According to Mr. Le Blanc, if the stars be excluded, and the rank and file of the bar be taken, consisting of those who are so far established as regularly to go the circuit, their earnings are very small. "I should think," says he, "very few hundreds." These form a very large majority of the bar. Nothing is so precarious as the incomes of barristers. They practise for years—may be barristers of seven years' standing—and not be able to clear their expenses. Of those who were first appointed Revising Barristers, and who were paid five guineas a day exclusive of their expenses, it was considered, says the authority just quoted, that previously they had not been making "the rent of their chambers." They were often selected by the senior judges of the circuit on the score of poverty from insufficient practice. Allusion to these dark shades the attorney-general carefully shunned; upon the princely honorariums and great gains of the elect he was voluble and grand, but no ingenuity of the committee could extort from him an

approximate guess either as to the increased number or small pay of the preponderating mass of his brethren.

Sir James Parke, a baron of the exchequer, however, was quite agreed that few leaders receive so much as they used to do. In his opinion, no apprehension need be felt that suitable men for the bench may not be obtained at present salaries, (*Evidence*, 190,) or perhaps at a lower rate,—4000*l.* a year, which was their salary in 1825, in lieu of 5000*l.* Besides the distinction and comfort secured to them already mentioned, Sir James Parke allows that they have the further alleviation of any pressure of duty in term or on the circuits of full three months of holiday out of the twelve. The average earnings of the class from which the puisné judges are mostly taken, and which does not include the topping practitioners, usually political aspirants, do not, in the estimate of another competent witness, exceed 3000*l.* per annum; to them, of course, elevation to the bench is a pecuniary acquisition.

In truth, there are scarcely any examples of refusals in our day; however much an advocate may be earning, he is always ready to retreat into the quiet haven of the judiciary. Sir Edward Sugden, indeed, says, that in no part of his career would the salary of a vice-chancellor have tempted him. Sir Edward is an eminent lawyer, but, we believe, he took the first offer that was made to him, and though making 16,000*l.* a year in equity practice, became chancellor in Ireland for 8000*l.*—and a very good lord chancellor he made. Sir James Scarlett, whose income was still larger, and close upon 20,000*l.*, gave it up to be lord chief baron with 7000*l.* a year. A puisné judgeship Sir Robert Rolfe accepted when he was solicitor-general, with a productive business in virtue of his office, exclusive of private practice. Lord Lyndhurst, with all his surpassing accomplishments and prestige, became master of the rolls at 7000*l.* a year, rather than continue to depend on his greater but more precarious income as advocate. For a mere snatch at the Irish chancellorship, Lord Campbell abandoned his very profitable pursuits. Is there not, too, the example of the late attorney-general, Sir John Jervis, to whom reference has been so frequently made—did he not, though wallowing in luscious fees, forego them all to leap at once, when an opening offered, into the chief justiceship of the Common Pleas?

But really the difficulty is not in finding fit men to be judges, or adequate salaries to remunerate them, but to discover the most fit. Now there are only two classes of advocates from whom the benches can be replenished—either the class of clever men, remarkable for fluency of speech, quickness at technicalities, readiness of retort, and a tact for holding fast both the ear of the court and the jury; or a second class, not so popularly gifted, but eminent for learning, acuteness, and gravity of intellect, high integrity, and great knowledge of the law, of human nature, and the general principles of jurisprudence. The former, on the floor of the House of Commons, mostly battle for the capital prizes—the great seal, the rolls, or a chief justiceship; the latter, not usually so well qualified for a political career, seldom rise higher than the puisné judgeships. But which, it may be asked, is the most fit and deserving of the highest judicial appointments?

Experience throws light on the question. No two advocates were more eminent at the bar than

Lord Erskine and Lord Abinger; but can it be said that they were not less eminent as judges? Of Lord Erskine no diversity of opinion can exist; it was his extreme urbanity towards those around him that alone, while he was lord chancellor, averted the exposure of his judicial incompetence. Sir John Jervis has vouchsafed a good word for Lord Abinger, but not many will be found to second his appreciation. The new Lord Truro, who by some mysterious influence and for some recondite purpose has been unexpectedly pushed into the highest place, was a great practitioner, but has made no great figure on the bench, and was notoriously indebted in the Common Pleas, for the little activity he displayed there, to the gifted individual who sat next him.

Examples are superfluous: the case is self-evident, and needs no elucidation. The intellectual qualities that make the great advocate and the great judge are as dissimilar as those which make the poet or philosopher, or which distinguish the massive faculties of a Humboldt or Herschel from the smart essayist in ephemeral literature. And the distinction is important. By infringing the rule which, agreeably to routine promotions, makes the chief legal prizes the reward of successful political partisanship, two advantages would be gained: first, in improving the style of forensic eloquence, by showing that more sterling qualities than clap-trap appeals to vulgar minds were essential to future judicial honors; next, in removing the chief obstacle that has constantly stood in the way or marred the progress of law reform, from having elevated to the highest and most influential positions, men who have chiefly sought them from lust of power or meaner impulse.

From the Spectator.

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR EXPENDITURE.

THE salaries committee laid close siege to, if it has not stormed, the strong holds of political administration. The treasury, which was first assailed, was pertinaciously defended by veteran chiefs, perfectly agreed in tactical combinations, and familiar with the weak and strong points of their position. In the assault on the diplomatic service, resistance might naturally be expected to be desperate, from the renown of its principal defender, famous above all his compeers for hardihood and resource. From the changeful vicissitudes of an adventurous career, perfect mastery of all engineering arts, and an undismayed front in the most trying emergencies, the foreign secretary may be esteemed, far more truly than Lord Plunket, the modern Hannibal of politics. But, despite of unequalled gifts, he has come off only second best in his conflict with the burgesses of the committee; and the conditions granted him are more severe than to any of his companions in arms.

Both the staff and the pay of diplomacy have been unsparingly dealt with. Upon the bare facts and showing of the service it could not be otherwise resolved. In the existing eclipse or decadence of the old European dynasties, why keep up, anywhere, at full cost, their tinsel representatives? Austria, the most impassable of the feudal monarchies, has given way, and for an expensive embassy in England has substituted a mission. Russia had preceded her in the same economical course, and reduced all her embassies to missions. It is needless to remark that the United States of America have no royal fac-similes anywhere. Red books and

court calenders may still keep stereotyped titles and imposing denominations; but the heat of the season has permeated all, and the reality is different.

Encouraged by the pervading example, the committee have recommended that the embassies at Paris and Constantinople, which, together with extras, cost fully 25,000*l.* a year, should be converted into missions. They further suggest that no diplomatic salary shall exceed 5000*l.* exclusive of an allowance for residence. This is a most reasonable curtailment; for it is quite monstrous, not to say extremely invidious, to allow such lavish incomes to our ministers abroad as enable them to outshine the richest individuals of the states to which they are accredited, and to give "better dinners," as Sir Richard Pakenham admits he did at Washington, than the first magistrate of the country. The Italian missions they propose to be consolidated; and a central mission established in Germany, in lieu of the numerous petty missions at Dresden, Hanover, Stuttgart, Munich, and Frankfurt.

Alarming inroads these into the luxuriant pasturage of the foreign secretary! but he had no defence. With all his strategy, he was driven from pillar to post, and left without a leg to stand on. His favorite position, that a large salary is essential to the success of a British minister, by enabling him to keep a good table, was entirely turned. Costly dinners given by Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Lawrence, in London, he allowed would add nothing to their importance with him at the foreign office; but it was hardly creditable if not uncharitable in him to allege that they tell at Washington—that 5000*l.* a year, which is the salary of the American President, is useful in social intercourse both with the members of the government and the members of Congress. The Americans, it was not denied, are mostly successful in diplomacy, though unprovided with the means of sumptuous entertainments. Dearness of living was sometimes relied upon as a plea for large allowances; Naples, however, is notoriously a very cheap place; but it is not cheap, we find, to a minister—"a great number of English residents live there in winter." The political importance of a state was alleged; why, then, it was rejoined, "a small salary for Berne, and a larger one for Hanover!" Surely the Swiss republic is of greater importance than a petty German kingdom. Ah! but there are "no seaports in Switzerland," and there is a king in Hanover. The predominance of the democratic element in governments, by which public opinion is made influential, was pleaded for lavishness in America, but what, then, of Turkey? Our embassy at Constantinople costs 7000*l.* a year, where public opinion has little or no weight, and need neither be bought nor influenced.

Somewhat annoyed, it would seem, by these irreconcilabilities, Lord Palmerston cut short interrogation by generalities; affirming that, in salaries, "anything like arithmetical measurement is out of the question;" and that absolute necessities might be cheap at Lisbon or elsewhere, but to "live in a decent way, according to English notions, of course is always attended with expense." But the foundation of the superstructure is bad and untenable. To suppose that the poor bribe of a dinner can influence state affairs, is discreditable to all parties, and unworthy of countenance. Besides, if their excellencies be freely regaled over night, they may think next morning, and with a bitterness aggravated by previous indulgence. Sir George Seymour, who is a diplomatist of thirty-three

years' standing, is quite in accord with his lordship; he sinks entirely the meanness of the thing, and its sequences, and is most decidedly in favor of treating. "I consider," says he, "that giving dinners is an essential part of diplomacy; I have no hesitation in saying so. I have no idea of a man being a good diplomatist who does not give good dinners." (*Minutes*, 2261.) It smacks strongly of the old school of the roast beef of Old England; nothing like it for getting an opinion or a vote.

A comparative statement of the diplomatic expenses of England with those of other countries would have been instructive; but from Lord Palmerston's representation, it appears to be not easy to compass.

Mr. Bright—"Can you inform the committee what salaries any of the ambassadors of the other European powers have at Paris; for instance, the Russian, the Prussian, or the Austrian ambassador?"—"Foreign governments are not very fond of telling you what they allow; but I believe the French diplomatists, before the late revolution, received very much the same salaries at the different courts as our ministers and ambassadors did; and I believe that in important places the Russians are paid much about the same."

"Are you at all aware what is the salary of the United States' ambassador at Paris?"—"No, I am not. The United States' minister here, I suppose, is paid about the same as the minister at Paris. The salary of the United States minister in London is 2000*l.* with 2000*l.* for outfit; and the result is, that, unless the minister has a private fortune of his own, he seldom stays much above two years. I might say that I do not think that the practice of the United States in regard to their diplomatic scale is applicable to this country, or to any other European country. The position of the United States renders their European diplomacy a matter to them of very secondary importance. They are separated from Europe by the Atlantic; they have no direct interest in most of the things that pass in Europe, and the chief thing that they want is information."

It might be imagined that information is the only legitimate end of the diplomacy of any state. Passing this point, the reserve of foreign governments on their expenditure in this line is more significant than the foreign secretary explains. It does somehow happen that stinginess is so universally odious that a prudent economist can hardly keep countenance; if individuals are liberal, even to profusion, they blazon it without scruple, and the same feeling seems to influence governments. If the allowances abroad would have borne comparison with our own, Lord Palmerston, it may be suspected, would have had no difficulty in making the discovery; it is the contrast that has made foreign states shy; indeed, it has always been understood that the extravagance of British embassies embarrassed them, from the unfavorable position in which it placed their own ministers, and that they have actually remonstrated against it.

Profuse as the allowances of England are to her diplomatists, they do not, as before remarked, suffice; and, were they doubled or quadrupled, the result, it is likely, would be the same. It is not largeness so much as stint that equalizes expenditure with pay. With 100,000*l.* in lieu of 10,000*l.* a year to the Paris embassy, it might be easily all *dined out*; and that, probably, without increasing the variety, though the number of invitations might be augmented. In this respect a line is drawn—

the American minister knows no disparities among his countrymen; all are eligible; but the English minister entertains abroad only his own circle at home. Of course, if he is a nobleman plebeians are not admissible. This at least is Lord Palmerston's version of diplomatic etiquette—

"As a large portion of the English travellers are persons who travel for business purposes, is there not a large portion of them who never expect to be invited to the embassy at Paris?"—"Many of them may be invited to the balls at the embassy, but they do not expect to be *dined* unless they are personally known to the ambassador; those who are not personally known to the ambassador cannot reasonably expect that he should ask them to dinner."

There is only Malthus' fare for them; they may come to the ball and sport a toe, but no plate is laid for them at the palatial residence, which cost 36,000*l.* in building, and unknown sums in keeping in repair.

Leaving salaries, it is fit to advert to the duties they compensate. They certainly appear on the first view onerous, and lately to have greatly increased. According to Sir George Seymour's statement, they are oppressive. Upon being asked to give some idea of the routine duties of an embassy, such as that of Lisbon, to which city he was accredited, he replied, that "they are very multifarious and laborious; I can safely say that I worked hard enough to injure my health." He breakfasted at nine, and, immediately after, "set to work and wrote till two or three o'clock." He had night-work too; leaving company at ten o'clock, and then laboring at his correspondence till two o'clock, answering the Madeira consul, the Oporto consul, the consul in the Western Islands, and the unceasing inquiries of English merchants. At the foreign office, too, there must needs be great industry in dealing with the innumerable and constantly incoming despatches from ambassadors, their secretaries and attachés. Lord Palmerston is asked—

"Upon the average, what is the amount of official foolscap which those gentlemen cover in the despatches to the foreign office here, which come twice a week: is it considerable in amount?"—"It is considerable, and annually increasing. I have here a statement of the number of despatches received and sent out from the foreign office to all parts of the world in different years; in the year 1829, for instance, the whole number was 10,760; in the year 1849, it was 30,735."

The multiplication of transactions, and the greater importance of events, with increased facilities and rapidity of communication, are the causes assigned for this large augmentation. Further explanations, however, may be given. Official despatches and the answers to them may not be so voluminous as heretofore. In private life the penny post has augmented enormously the amount of correspondence; but it would be erroneous to conclude that the increase in the quantity of foolscap used has been proportionate to the increase in the number of letters. People now send and answer letters on the instant; the postage is not a consideration, and they have no occasion to postpone writing till matter enough accumulate to be worth the outlay of a shilling or eighteenpence. Similar causes, so far as facilities of transit have been opened, have doubtless tended to augment the correspondence of the public offices; but it would be a mistake to adopt Lord Palmerston's "arithmetical measure" of the increase of despatches as the

measure of increased business in the foreign department.

Allowing increased activity, doubts may be entertained of a corresponding increase of remunerative returns. In our intercourse abroad the co-operation of the foreign office has not always been essential to successful negotiations; instances were referred to by the salaries committee in which beneficial arrangements had been consummated without any aid from diplomacy. With Spain all diplomatic intercourse had been suspended since the retirement of Sir Henry Bulwer in the spring of 1848. In the interval of two years there had been no communication between the foreign office and the government at Madrid. But English consuls continued to exercise their functions at the Spanish ports; and, strange to relate, the commerce between the two countries has suffered no interruption or detriment; it has, in fact, increased, especially with Malaga. Further, in the interval of suspended diplomatic relations we have obtained commercial concessions from Spain which we had vainly sought by political negotiations during the previous twenty years. Her tariff has been relaxed on many articles that England sends to Spain; and this relaxation seems to have been accelerated by the circumstance that we had no ambassador at Madrid to excite the jealousy of the French government; nor could the popular prejudices, in the absence of the English embassy, be so successfully appealed to by Spanish monopolists, representing that our minister was only striving for an alteration in protective duties for the special advantage of England and the injury of native industry.

In Portugal, too, no reason exists for concluding that diplomacy has worked favorably for English commerce; at least it has wholly failed in obtaining any relaxation in her tariff, &c.; on the contrary, Portuguese commerce has become more restrictive than heretofore. Sir George Seymour thinks matters would have been worse without his residence at Lisbon; but this may be doubted; and the Portuguese ministers like Narvaez, in Spain, might have been better enabled to deal with native interests and prejudices had political relations been suspended with Portugal as well as in the adjoining kingdom.

Ambassadors appear naturally obnoxious to suspicion; if they make a move on the chess-board, the ministers of other states must needs meet it by a counter-move; thus resistance is organized, and the intercourse of nations, whether for commercial or other objects, more likely to be obstructed than facilitated. Then, as to their assumed usefulness in procuring intelligence and watching over the policy of foreign governments, their pretensions are extremely questionable. State affairs have become the common property of all classes, and the exclusive topics of patrician saloons; and it is difficult to conjecture what information diplomatists can transmit, either earlier or superior to that open to every one in club or newsroom. In this the veteran minister, Sir George Seymour, concurs, and owns that "a man must be a very good diplomatist who will outstrip the newspapers." (*Evidence*, 2374.) What the journals do not contain, foreign ministers rarely communicate; of which the once engrossing but now forgotten Spanish marriage question is an example. Pending that Orleans intrigue, we had an ambassador at Madrid and another at Paris, with large salaries, good dinners, and all the other assumed requisite appliances for ferreting out intelligence; but they availed not. The match was

arranged without the slightest foreknowledge of Lord Palmerston, and consummated in the face of all his diplomatic videttes.

The long peace has nearly superseded diplomacy, and rendered the political relations of European states of secondary concernment. Commercial tariffs, railway communications, new postal arrangements, telegraphic intercourse, and conventions for the mutual surrender of criminals, now form the engrossing subjects of international interest and negotiation. For the due management of these, consulates seem the chief description of foreign missions requisite, and, under an improved system, likely to be more apt for the purpose than the pompous inanities of diplomacy. It forms a collateral branch of the subject, which the committee only incidentally referred to, strongly recommending it for investigation next session. Enough, however, was revealed to them to show the urgency of future and thorough inquiry into consular establishments. Nothing can be imagined more crude and inefficient than the existing system as respects the selection of consuls, their duties, occupations, and modes of remuneration. Of their qualifications the foreign secretary, who has the appointment of them, may be allowed to speak—

"If I were to form my own estimate of the qualifications for the office of consul from the estimate made by those who apply for the appointment, I should say that every former condition of life is considered a qualification for being a consul; whether a man has been in private life without any employment, or whether he has been a lawyer, or a merchant, or in the army, or in the navy, they all consider that they can fulfil the duties."

Foreigners many, or naval or military officers on half-pay, they are certainly a motley class; and the appointment is worth seeking; some of them, as those to Egypt, Algiers, Venice, Hamburg, Havana, Manilla, Tripoli, and Tunis, with not oppressive duties, have incomes of from 1800*l.* to not less than 1000*l.* per annum.

ENGLISH SETTLERS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—An interesting account of the state of the wild and romantic district of Galway and Mayo, along the western coast, appears in the *Castlebar Telegraph*. The population, always very scanty in this region, has been greatly reduced by famine, emigration, and in some instances by clearances. But in various places there are appearances of revival and good cultivation, wherever English settlers are located. "We were told," says the writer, "that recently possession was given, on the part of Lord Sligo, to an English gentleman, of a large tract of country a few miles to the east of Delphi, which is about being stocked by the purchaser with sheep and horned cattle. Thousands of acres in this fairy land are capable of being put in use for tillage. We know not if we have been rightly informed, but we were told the purchase-money was only fivepence per acre for hill and lowlands. In other parts of those extensive wilds, especially in Connemara, English settlements have been formed, and occasionally are to be seen an hotel, a police-barrack, neat cottages, with numerous fields reclaimed beneath the towering hills, and fully cropped with oats, bere, barley, and potatoes. In Connemara, adjacent to Streamstown, is an English colony established by the Messrs. Eastwood, and it is stated that "the example they have set in reclaiming wastes and raising crops is now on a small scale emulated by the inhabitants, whose gardens are tastefully laid out with peas, onions, potatoes, &c.; whilst the people speak in the

highest terms of the strangers, for the constant employment and good wages they afford." To the westward, at Letterfrack, is another English settlement, formed by Messrs. Evans and Ellice, members of the Society of Friends, where hundreds of people are at work, reclaiming the wastes around the village. The writer adds, "A mile or two westward of Letterfrack, is another cluster of English or Scotch settlers, who are now hard at work in erecting large dwellings and stores. The quantity of land reclaimed here is incredible, and now under tillage and meadow. Here also the gardens and tillage fields of the natives show great marks of improvement, arising from the example set by the new comers." On the Mayo side of this region, it is said, "the scene is different, and scarcely a human habitation is to be seen, where hundreds stood a few short summers since."

From Household Words.

TWO SONNETS.

THE first of the following Sonnets was quoted some years ago in a newspaper (the "Nation," if we remember rightly), with the following editorial note:—

Which of our readers can tell us the author of this sonnet—the noblest, we think, in the English language? It has the deep philosophy of Wordsworth, in the direct and nervous language of Milton. We heard it recited some years ago as Coleridge's; but it does not appear in any edition we have seen of his collected works; and though it is unmistakably of the Lake school, neither is it to be found among Wordsworth's or Southey's:—

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits

Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!

It seems a story from the world of spirits

When any man obtains that which he merits,

Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,

Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man? Three treasures, love, and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;

And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—

Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.*

The following answer, (not as to who wrote the sonnet, for that is still unknown to us,) was written in 1847, and is now printed for the first time. Its applicability to the newly-projected *Guild of Literature and Art*, will be sufficiently apparent.

ANSWER.

I would not have a great good man defile

His hand with grasping, nor his soul with guile,

Nor sacrifice, to any outward things,

His inward splendor and his upward wings.

But also, would I not behold him blind

To the world's bitterness and pinching facts—

Far less, if means of life with a free mind

Be his, while penury his friend distracts.

Oh, noble sage, forget not, when the hour

Of inspiration ends, that for its lamp

To burn with purity and constant power,

Oil, and four walls, that reek not with the damp,

Are needful, that the man with steady eye

May look in his wife's face nor o'er his children sigh.

* The author is Coleridge.

I HAD scarcely finished my breakfast, when a group of officers rode up to my quarters to visit me. My arrival had already created an immense sensation in the city, and all kinds of rumors were afloat as to the tidings I had brought. The meagreness of the information would, indeed, have seemed in strong contrast to the enterprise and hazard of the escape, had I not the craft to eke it out by that process of suggestion and speculation in which I was rather an adept.

Little in substance as my information was, all the younger officers were in favor of acting upon it. The English are no bad judges of our position and chances, and was the constant argument. They see exactly how we stand; they know the relative forces of our army, and the enemy's; and if the "cautious islanders"—such was the phrase—advised a *coup de main*, it surely must have much in its favor. I lay stress upon the remark, trifling as it may seem; but it is curious to know, that with all the immense successes of England on sea, her reputation, at that time, among Frenchmen, was rather for prudent and well-matured undertaking, than for those daring enterprises which are as much the character of her courage.

My visitors continued to pour in during the morning, officers of every arm and rank, some from mere idle curiosity, some to question and interrogate, and not a few to solve doubts in their mind as to my being really French, and a soldier, and not an agent of that *perfidie Albion*, whose treachery was become a proverb among us. Many were disappointed at my knowing so little. I neither could tell the date of Napoleon's passing St. Gothard, nor the amount of his force; neither knew I whether he meant to turn eastward towards the plains of Lombardy, or march direct to the relief of Genoa. Of Moreau's successes in Germany, too, I had only heard vaguely; and, of course, could recount nothing. I could overhear, occasionally, around and about me, the murmurs of dissatisfaction my ignorance called forth, and was not a little grateful to an old artillery captain for saying, "That's the very best thing about the lad; a spy would have had his whole lesson by heart."

"You are right, sir," cried I, catching at the words; "I may know but little, and that little, perhaps, valueless and insignificant; but my truth no man shall gainsay."

This boldness of speech from one wasted and miserable as I was, with tattered shoes and ragged clothes, caused a hearty laugh, in which, as much from policy as feeling, I joined myself.

"Come here, mon cher," said an Infantry colonel, as, walking to the door of the room, he drew his telescope from his pocket, "you tell us of a *coup de main*—on the Monte Faccio, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I, promptly, "so I understand the name."

"Well, have you ever seen the place?"

"Never."

"Well, there it is yonder," and he handed me his glass as he spoke; "you see that large beetling cliff, with the olives at the foot. There, on the summit, stands the Monte Faccio. The road—the pathway rather, and a steep one it is—leads up where you see those goats feeding, and crosses in front of the crag, directly beneath the fire of the batteries. There's not a spot on the whole ascent where three men could march abreast, and wherever there is any shelter from fire, the guns of the 'Sprona,' that small fort to the right, take the whole position. What do you think of your counsel now?"

"You forget, sir, it is not my counsel. I merely repeat what I overheard."

"And do you mean to say that the men who gave that advice were serious, or capable of adopting it themselves?"

"Most assuredly; they would never recommend to others what they felt unequal to themselves. I know these English well, and so much will I say of them."

"Bah!" cried he, with an insolent gesture of his hand, and turned away; and I could plainly see that my praises of the enemy were very ill-taken. In fact, my unlucky burst of generosity had done more to damage my credit, than all the dangerous or impracticable features of my scheme. Every eye was turned to the bold precipice, and the stern fortress that crowned it, and all agreed that an attack must be hopeless.

I saw, too late, the great fault I had committed, and that nothing could be more wanting in tact than to suggest to Frenchmen an enterprise which Englishmen deemed practicable, and which yet, to the former, seemed beyond all reach of success. The insult was too palpable and too direct, but to retract was impossible, and I had now to sustain a proposition which gave offence on every side.

It was very mortifying to me to see how soon all my personal credit was merged in this unhappy theory. No one thought more of my hazardous escape, the perils I encountered, or the sufferings I had undergone. All that was remembered of me was the affront I had offered to the national courage, and the preference I had implied to English bravery.

Never did I pass a more tormenting day; new arrivals continually refreshed the discussion, and always with the same results; and although some were satisfied to convey their opinions by a shake of the head or a dubious smile, others, more candid than civil, plainly intimated that if I had nothing of more consequence to tell, I might as well have stayed where I was, and not added one more to a garrison so closely pressed by hunger. Very little more of such reasoning would have persuaded myself of its truth, and I almost began to wish that I was once more back in "the sick bay" of the frigate.

Towards evening I was left alone; my host

went down to the town on duty; and after the visit of a tailor, who came to try on me a staff uniform—a distinction, I afterwards learned, owing to the abundance of this class of costume, and not to any claims I could prefer to the rank—I was perfectly free to stroll about where I pleased, unmolested, and, no small blessing, unquestioned.

On following along the walls for some distance, I came to a part where a succession of deep ravines opened at the foot of the bastions, conducting, by many a tortuous and rocky glen, to the Apennines. The sides of these gorges were dotted here and there with wild hollies and fig trees, stunted and ill-thriven, as the nature of the soil might imply. Still, for the sake of the few berries, or the sapless fruit they bore, the soldiers of the garrison were accustomed to creep out from the embrasures, and descend the steep cliffs, a peril great enough in itself, but terribly increased by the risk of exposure to the enemy's "Tirailleurs," as well as the consequences such indiscipline would bring down on them.

So frequent, however, had been these infractions, that little footpaths were worn bare along the face of the cliff, traversing in many a zigzag a surface that seemed like a wall. It was almost incredible that men would brave such peril for so little; but famine had rendered them indifferent to death; and although debility exhibited itself in every motion and gesture, the men would stand unshrinking and undismayed beneath the fire of a battery. At one spot, near the angle of a bastion, and where some shelter from the north winds protected the place, a little clump of orange trees stood, and towards these, though fully a mile off, many a foot-track led, showing how strong had been the temptation in that quarter. To reach it, the precipice should be traversed, the gorge beneath and a considerable ascent of the opposite mountain accomplished, and yet all these dangers had been successfully encountered, merely instigated by hunger!

High above this very spot, at a distance of perhaps eight hundred feet, stood the Monte Faccio—the large black and yellow banner of Austria floating from its walls, as if amid the clouds. I could see the muzzles of the great guns protruding from the embrasures; and I could even catch glances of a tall bearskin, as some soldier passed or repassed behind the parapet, and I thought how terrible would be the attempt to storm such a position. It was, indeed, true, that if I had had the least conception of the strength of the fort, I never should have dared to talk of a *coup de main*. Still I was in a manner pledged to the suggestion. I had perilled my life for it, and few men do as much for an opinion; for this reason I resolved, come what would, to maintain my ground, and hold fast to my conviction. I never could be called upon to plan the expedition, nor could it by any possibility be confided to my guidance; responsibility could not, therefore, attach to me. All these were strong arguments, at least quite strong enough to decide a wavering judgment.

Meditating on these things, I strolled back to my quarters. As I entered the garden, I found that several officers were assembled, among whom was Colonel de Barre, the brother of the general of that name, who afterwards fell at the Borodino. He was *Chef d'Etat Major* to Massena, and a most distinguished and brave soldier. Unlike the fashion of the day, which made the military man affect the rough coarseness of a savage, seasoning his talk with oaths, and curses, and low expressions, De Barre had something of the *petit maitre* in his address, which nothing short of his well-proved courage would have saved from ridicule. His voice was low and soft, his smile perpetual; and although well-bred enough to have been dignified and easy, a certain fidgety impulse to be pleasing made him always appear affected and unnatural. Never was there such a contrast to his chief; but indeed it was said that to this very disparity of temperament he owed all the influence he possessed over Massena's mind.

I might have been a General of Division at the very least, to judge from the courteous deference of the salute with which he approached me—a politeness the more striking, as all the others immediately fell back, to leave us to converse together. I was actually overcome with the flattering terms in which he addressed me on the subject of my escape.

"I could scarcely at first credit the story," said he, "but when they told me that you were a 'Ninth man,' one of the old *Tapageurs*, I never doubted it more. You see what a bad character is, Monsieur de Tiernay!" It was the first time I had ever heard the prefix to my name, and I own the sound was pleasurable. "I served a few months with your corps myself, but I soon saw there was no chance of promotion among fellows all more eager than myself for distinction. Well, sir, it is precisely to this reputation I have yielded my credit, and to which General Massena is kind enough to concede his own confidence. Your advice is about to be acted on, Mons. de Tiernay."

"The *coup de main*?"

"A little lower, if you please, my dear sir. The expedition is to be conducted with every secrecy, even from the officers of every rank below a command. Have the goodness to walk along with me this way. If I understand General Massena aright, your information conveys no details, nor any particular suggestions as to the attack."

"None whatever, sir. It was the mere talk of a gun-room—the popular opinion among a set of young officers."

"I understand," said he, with a bow and a smile; "the suggestion of a number of high-minded and daring soldiers, as to what they deemed practicable."

"Precisely, sir."

"Neither could you collect from their conversation anything which bore upon the number of the Austrian advance guard, or their state of preparation!"

"Nothing, sir. The opinion of the English was, I suspect, mainly founded on the great superiority of our forces to the enemy's in all attacks of this kind."

"Our 'esprit Tapageur,' eh?" said he, laughing, and pinching my arm ^{casual}ly, and I joined in the laugh with pleasure. "Well, Monsieur de Tiernay, let us endeavor to sustain this good impression. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed I, in amazement; for everything within the city seemed tranquil and still.

"To-night, sir; and, by the kind favor of General Massena, I am to lead the attack; the reserve, if we are ever to want it, being under his own command. It is to be at your own option on which staff you will serve."

"On yours, of course, sir," cried I hastily. "A man who stands unknown and unvouched for among his comrades, as I do, has but one way to vindicate his claim to credit, by partaking the peril he counsels."

"There could be no doubt either of your judgment, or the sound reasons for it," replied the colonel; "the only question was, whether you might be unequal to the fatigue."

"Trust me, sir, you'll not have to send me to rear," said I, laughing.

"Then you are extra on my staff, Mons. de Tiernay."

As we walked along, he proceeded to give me the details of our expedition, which was to be on a far stronger scale than I anticipated. Three battalions of infantry, with four light batteries, and as many squadrons of dragoons, were to form the advance.

"We shall neither want the artillery, nor cavalry, except to cover a retreat," said he; "I trust, if it come to that, there will not be many of us to protect; but such are the general's orders, and we have but to obey them."

With the great events of that night on my memory, it is strange that I should retain so accurately in my mind the trivial and slight circumstances, which are as fresh before me as if they had occurred but yesterday.

It was about eleven o'clock, of a dark but starry night, not a breath of wind blowing, that, passing through a number of gloomy, narrow streets, I suddenly found myself in the court-yard at the Balbé Palace. A large marble fountain was playing in the centre, around which several lamps were lighted; by these I could see that the place was crowded with officers, some seated at tables drinking, some smoking, and others lounging up and down in conversation. Huge loaves of black bread, and wicker-covered flasks of country wine, formed the entertainment; but even these, to judge from the zest of the guests, were no common delicacies. At the foot of a little marble group, and before a small table, with a map on it, sat General Massena himself, in his gray overcoat, cutting his bread with a case-knife, while he talked away to his staff.

"These maps are good for nothing, Bressi," cried he. "To look at them, you'd say that every road was practicable for artillery, and every river passable, and you find afterwards that all these fine chaussees are by-paths, and the rivulets downright torrents. Who knows the Chiavari road?"

"Giorgio knows it well, sir," said the officer addressed, and who was a young Piedmontese from Massena's own village.

"Ah, Birbante!" cried the general, "are you here again?" and he turned laughingly towards a little bandy-legged monster, of less than three feet high, who, with a cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a wooden sword at his side, stepped forward with all the confidence of an equal.

"Ay, here I am," said he, raising his hand to his cap, soldier fashion; "there was nothing else for it but this trade," and he placed his hand on the hilt of his wooden weapon; "you cut down all the mulberries, and left us no silk-worms; you burned all the olives, and left us no oil; you trampled down our maize crops and our vines. Per Baccho! the only thing left was to turn brigand like yourself, and see what would come of it."

"Is he not cool to talk thus to a general at the head of his staff?" said Massena, with an assumed gravity.

"I knew you when you wore a different looking epaulette than that there," said Giorgio, "and when you carried one of your father's meal sacks on your shoulder, instead of all that bravery."

"Parbleu! so he did," cried Massena, laughing heartily. "That scoundrel was always about our mill, and, I believe, lived by thieving!" added he, pointing to the dwarf.

"Every one did a little that way in our village," said the dwarf; "but none ever profited by his education like yourself."

If the general and some of the younger officers seemed highly amused at the fellow's impudence and effrontery, some of the others looked angry and indignant. A few were really well-born, and could afford to smile at these recognitions; but many who sprang from an origin even more humble than the general's, could not conceal their angry indignation at the scene.

"I see that these gentlemen are impatient of our vulgar recollections," said Massena, with a sardonic grin; "so now to business, Giorgio. You know the Chiavari road—what is it like?"

"Good enough to look at, but mined in four places."

The general gave a significant glance at the staff, and bade him go on.

"The white coats are strong in that quarter, and have eight guns to bear on the road, where it passes beneath Monte Rattè."

"Why, I was told that the pass was undefended!" cried Massena, angrily; "that a few skirmishers were all that could be seen near it."

"All that could be seen! so they are; but

there are eight twelve-pounder guns in the brush-wood, with shot and shell enough to be seen, and felt too."

Massena now turned to the officers near him, and conversed with them eagerly for some time. The debated point I subsequently heard was how to make a feint attack on the Chiavari road, to mask the *coup de main* intended for the Monte Faccio. To give the false attack any color of reality required a larger force and greater preparation than they could afford, and this was now the great difficulty. At last it was resolved that this should be a mere demonstration, not to push far beyond the walls, but, by all the semblance of a serious advance, to attract as much attention as possible from the enemy.

Another and a greater embarrassment lay in the fact that the troops intended for the *coup de main* had no other exit than the gate which led to Chiavari; so that the two lines would intersect and interfere with each other. Could we even have passed out our Tirailleurs in advance, the support could easily follow; but the enemy would, of course, notice the direction our advance would take, and our object be immediately detected.

"Why not pass the skirmishers out by the embrasures, to the left yonder?" said I; "I see many a track where men have gone already."

"It is steep as a wall," cried one.

"And there's a breast of rock in front that no foot could scale."

"You have at least a thousand feet of precipice above you, when you reach the glen, if ever you do reach it alive."

"And this to be done in the darkness of a night!"

Such were the discouraging comments which rattled, quick as musketry, around me.

"The lieutenant's right, nevertheless," said Giorgio. "Half the voltigeurs of the garrison know the path well already; and, as to darkness—if there were a moon you dared not attempt it."

"There's some truth in that," observed an old major.

"Could you promise to guide them, Giorgio?" said Massena.

"Yes, every step of the way; up to the very walls of the fort."

"There, then," cried the general, "one great difficulty is got over already."

"Not so fast, Generale mio," said the dwarf; "I said that I could, but I never said that I would."

"Not for a liberal present, Giorgio; not if I filled that leather pouch of yours with five-franc pieces, man!"

"I might not live to spend it, and I care little for my next of kin," said the dwarf, dryly.

"I don't think that we need his services, General," said I; "I saw the place this evening; and, however steep it seems from the walls, the descent is practicable enough; at least, I am certain that our Tirailleurs, in the Black Forest would never have hesitated about it."

I little knew that when I uttered this speech I had sent a shot into the very heart of the magazine, the ruling passion of Massena's mind being an almost insane jealousy of Moreau's military fame; his famous campaign of Southern Germany, and his wonderful retreat upon the Rhine, being regarded as achievements of the highest order.

"I've got some of those regiments you speak of, in my brigade here, sir," said he, addressing himself directly to me; "and I must own that their discipline reflects but little credit on the skill of so great an officer as General Moreau; and, as to light troops, I fancy Colonel de Vallence yonder would scarcely feel it a flattery, were you to tell him to take a lesson from them."

"I have just been speaking to Colonel de Vallence, General," said Colonel de Barre. "He confirms everything Monsieur de Tiernay tells us of the practicable nature of these paths; his fellows have tracked them at all hours, and neither want guidance nor direction to go."

"In that case I may as well offer my services," said Giorgio, tightening his belt; "but I must tell you that it is too late to begin to-night—we must start immediately after nightfall. It will take from forty to fifty minutes to descend the cliff, a good two hours to climb the ascent; so that you'll not have much time to spare before day-break."

Giorgio's opinion was backed by several others, and it was finally resolved upon that the attempt should be made on the following evening. Meanwhile, the dwarf was committed to the safe custody of a sergeant, affectedly to look to his proper care and treatment, but really to guard against any imprudent revelations that he might make respecting the intended attack.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—GENOA DURING THE SIEGE.

If the natural perils of the expedition were sufficient to suggest grave thoughts, the sight of the troops that were to form it was even a stronger incentive to fear. I could not believe my eyes, as I watched the battalions which now deployed before me. Always accustomed, whatever the hardships they were opposed to, to see French soldiers light-hearted, gay, and agile, performing their duties in a spirit of sportive pleasure, as if soldiering were but fun, what was the shock I received at sight of these care-worn, down-cast, hollow-cheeked fellows, dragging their legs wearily along, and scarcely seeming to hear the words of command! their clothes, patched and mended, sometimes too big, sometimes too little, showing that they had changed wearers without being altered; their tattered shoes, tied on with strings round the ankles; their very weapons dirty and uncared for; they resembled rather a horde of bandits than the troops of the first army of Europe. There was, besides, an expression of stealthy, treacherous ferocity in their faces, such as I never saw before. To this pitiable condition had they been brought by starvation. Not alone the horses had been eaten, but dogs and cats; even the ver-

min of the cellars and sewers was consumed as food. Leather and skins were all eagerly devoured; and there is but too terrible reason to believe that human flesh itself was used to prolong for a few hours this existence of misery.

As they defiled into the "Piazza," there seemed a kind of effort to assume the port and bearing of their craft; and although many stumbled, and some actually fell, from weakness, there was an evident attempt to put on a military appearance. The manner of the adjutant, as he passed down the line, revealed at once the exact position of affairs. No longer inspecting every little detail of equipment, criticising this, or remarking on that, his whole attention was given to the condition of the musket, whose lock he closely scrutinized, and then turned to the cartouch-box. The ragged uniforms, the uncouth shakos, the belts dirty and awry, never called forth a word of rebuke. Too glad, as it seemed, to recognize even the remnants of discipline, he came back from his inspection apparently well satisfied and content.

"These fellows turn out well," said Colonel de Barre, as he looked along the line; and I started to see if the speech were an unfeeling jest. Far from it; he spoke in all seriousness! The terrible scenes he had for months been witnessing; the men dropping from hunger at their posts; the sentries fainting as they carried arms, and borne away to hospitals to die; the bursts of madness that would now and then break forth from men whose agony became unendurable, had so steeled him to horrors, that even this poor shadow of military display seemed orderly and imposing.

"They are the 22nd, colonel," replied the adjutant, proudly, "a corps that always have maintained their character, whether on parade or under fire!"

"Ah! the 22nd, are they? They have come up from Ronco, then?"

"Yes, sir; they were all that General Soult could spare us."

"Fine-looking fellows they are," said De Barre, scanning them through his glass. "The third company is a little, a very little to the rear—don't you perceive it?—and the flank is a thought or so restless and unsteady."

"A sergeant has just been carried to the rear ill, sir," said a young officer, in a low voice.

"The heat, I have no doubt; a *colpo di sole*," as they tell us everything is," said De Barre. "By the way, is not this the regiment that boasts the pretty vivandiere? What's this her name is?"

"Lela, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, Lela. I'm sure I've heard her toasted often enough at cafés and restaurants."

"There she is, sir, yonder, sitting on the steps of the fountain;" and the officer made a sign with his sword for the girl to come over. She made an effort to arise at the order; but tottered back, and would have fallen if a soldier had not caught

her. Then suddenly collecting her strength, she arranged the folds of her short scarlet jupe, and smoothing down the braids of her fair hair, came forward, at that sliding, half-skipping pace that is the wont of her craft.

The exertion, and possibly the excitement, had flushed her cheek; so that as she came forward her look was brilliantly handsome; but as the color died away, and a livid pallor spread over her jaws, lank and drawn in by famine, her expression was dreadful. The large eyes, lustrous and wild-looking, gleamed with the fire of fever, while her thin nostrils quivered at each respiration.

Poor girl! even then, with famine and fever eating within her, the traits of womanly vanity still survived, and, as she carried her hand to her cap in salute, she made a faint attempt at a smile.

"The 22nd may indeed be proud of their vivandiere," said De Barre, gallantly.

"What hast in the 'tonnelet,' Lela?" continued he, tapping the little silver-hooped barrel she carried at her back.

"Ah, *que voulez vous*?" cried she, laughing, with a low, husky sound, the laugh of famine.

"I must have a glass of it to your health, ma belle Lela, if it cost me a crown-piece," and he drew forth the coin as he spoke.

"For such a toast the liquor is quite good enough," said Lela, drawing back at the offer of money; while slinging the little cask in front, she unhooked a small silver cup, and filled it with water.

"No brandy, Lela?"

"None, colonel," said she, shaking her head, "and if I had, these poor fellows yonder would not like it so well."

"I understand," said he significantly, "theirs is the thirst of fever."

A short, dry cough, and a barely perceptible nod of the head, was all her reply; but their eyes met, and any so sad an expression as they interchanged I never beheld! It was a confession in full of all each had seen of sorrow, of suffering, and of death; the terrible events three months of famine had revealed, and all the agonies of pestilence and madness.

"That is delicious water, Tiernay," said the colonel, as he passed me the cup, and thus trying to get away from the sad theme of his thoughts.

"I fetch it from a well outside the walls every morning," said Lela, "ay, and within gunshot of the Austrian sentries, too."

"There's coolness for you, Tiernay," said the colonel; "think what the 22nd are made of when their vivandiere dares to do this."

"They'll not astonish him," said Lela, looking steadily at me.

"And why not, ma belle?" cried De Barre.

"He was a Tapageur, one of the 'Naughty Ninth,' as they called them."

"How do you know that, Lela? Have we ever met before?" cried I, eagerly.

"I've seen you, sir," said she, shyly. "They

used to call you the corporal that won the battle of Kehl. I know my father always said so."

I would have given worlds to have interrogated her further; so fascinating is selfishness, that already at least a hundred questions were presenting themselves to my mind. Who could Lela be? and who was her father? and what were these reports about me? Had I really won fame without knowing it? and did my comrades indeed speak of me with honor? All these and many more inquiries were pressing for utterance, as General Massena walked up with his staff. The general fully corroborated De Barre's opinion of the "22nd." They were, as he expressed, a "magnificent body." "It was a perfect pleasure to see such troops under arms." "Those fellows certainly exhibited few traces of a starved-out garrison." Such and such like were the jesting observations bandied from one to the other, in all the earnest seriousness of truth! What more terrible evidence of the scenes they had passed through, than these convictions! What more stunning proof of the condition to which long suffering had reduced them!

"Where is our pleasant friend, who talked to us of the Black Forest last night?"

"Ah, there he is; well, Monsieur Tiernay, do you think General Moreau's people turned out better than that after the retreat from Donaueschingen?"

There was no need for any reply, since the scornful burst of laughter of the staff already gave the answer he wanted; and now he walked forward to the centre of the piazza, while the troops proceeded to march past.

The band, a miserable group, reduced from fifty to thirteen in number, struck up a quick step, and the troops, animated by the sounds, and more still, perhaps, by Massena's presence, made an effort to step out in quick time; but the rocking, wavering motion, the clinking muskets, and uncertain gait, were indescribably painful to a soldier's eye. Their colonel, De Vallence, however, evidently did not regard them thus, for, as he joined the staff, he received the general's compliments with all the good faith and composure in the world.

The battalions were marched off to barracks, and the group of officers broke up to repair to their several quarters. It was the hour of dinner, but it had been many a day since that meal had been heard of amongst them. A stray café here and there was open in the city, but a cup of coffee, without milk, and a small roll of black bread, a horrid compound of rye and cocoa, was all the refreshment obtainable; and yet, I am bold to say, that a murmur or a complaint was unheard against the general or the government. The heaviest reverses, the gloomiest hours of ill-fortune, never extinguished the hope that Genoa was to be relieved at last, and that all we had to do was to hold out for the arrival of Bonaparte. To the extent of this conviction is to be attributed

the wide disparity between the feeling displayed by the military and the townsfolk.

The latter, unsustained by hope, without one spark of speculation to cheer their gloomy destiny, starved, and sickened, and died in masses. The very requirements of discipline were useful in averting the despondent vacuity which comes of hunger. Of the sanguine confidence of the soldiery in the coming of their comrades, I was to witness a strong illustration on the very day of which I have been speaking.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather had been heavy and overcast, and the heat excessive, so that all who were free from duty had either lain down to sleep, or were quietly resting within doors, when a certain stir and movement in the streets, a rare event during the hours of the siesta, drew many a head to the windows. The report ran, and like wildfire it spread through the city, that the advanced guard of Bonaparte had reached Ronco that morning, and were already in march on Genoa! Although nobody could trace this story to any direct source, each believed and repeated it; the tale growing more consistent and fuller at every repetition. I need not weary my reader with all the additions and corrections the narrative received, nor recount how now it was Moreau with the right wing of the army of the Rhine; now it was Kellermann's brigade; now it was Macdonald, who had passed the Ticino, and, last of all, Bonaparte. The controversy was often even an angry one, when, finally, all speculation was met by the official report, that all that was known lay in the simple fact that heavy guns had been heard that morning, near Ronco, and as the Austrians held no position with artillery there, the firing must needs be French.

This very bare announcement was, of course, a great "come down" for all the circumstantial detail with which we had been amusing ourselves and each other, but yet it nourished hope, and the hope that was nearest to all our hearts, too! The streets were soon filled; officers and soldiers hastily dressed, and with many a fault of costume, were all commingled, exchanging opinions, resolving doubts, and even bandying congratulations. The starved and hungry faces were lighted up with an expression of savage glee. It was like the last flickering gleam of passion in men, whose whole vitality was the energy of fever! The heavy debt they owed their enemy was at last to be paid, and all the insulting injury of a besieged and famine-stricken garrison to be avenged. A surging movement in the crowd told that some event had occurred; it was Massena and his staff, who were proceeding to a watch-tower in the bastion, from whence a wide range of country could be seen. This was reassuring. The general himself entertained the story, and here was proof that there was "something in it." All the population now made for the walls; every spot from which the view towards Ronco could be obtained

was speedily crowded, every window filled, and all the house-tops crammed. A dark mass of inky cloud covered the tops of the Apennines, and even descended to some distance down the sides. With what shapes and forms of military splendor did our imaginations people the space behind that sombre curtain! What columns of stern warriors, what prancing squadrons, what earth-shaking masses of heavy artillery! How longingly each eye grew weary watching, waiting for the veil to be rent, and the glancing steel to be seen glistening bright in the sun's rays!

As if to torture our anxieties, the lowering mass grew darker and heavier, and, rolling lazily adown the mountain, it filled up the valley, wrapping earth and sky in one murky mantle.

"There, did you hear that?" cried one; "that was artillery."

A pause followed; each ear was bent to listen, and not a word was uttered, for full a minute or more; the immense host, as if swayed by the one impulse, strained to catch the sounds, when suddenly, from the direction of the mountain top, there came a rattling, crashing noise, followed by the dull, deep booming that every soldier's heart responds to. What a cheer then burst forth! Never did I hear—never may I hear such a cry as that was; it was like the wild yell of a shipwrecked crew, as some distant sail hove in sight; and yet, through its cadence, there rang the mad lust for vengeance! Yes, in all the agonies of sinking strength, with fever in their hearts, and the death-sweat on their cheeks, their cry was, Blood! The puny shout, for such it seemed now, was drowned in the deafening crash that now was heard; peal after peal shook the air, the same rattling, peppering noise of musketry continuing through all.

That the French were in strong force, as well as the enemy, there could now be no doubt. Nothing but a serious affair and a stubborn resistance could warrant such a fire. It had every semblance of an attack with all arms. The roar of the heavy guns made the air vibrate, and the clatter of small arms was incessant. How each of us filled up the picture from the impulses of his own fancy! Some said that the French were still behind the mountain, and storming the heights of the Borghetto; others thought that they had gained the summit, but not "en force," and were only contesting their position there; and a few more sanguine, of whom I was one myself, imagined that they were driving the Austrians down the Apennines, cleaving their ranks as they went, with their artillery.

Each new crash, every momentary change of direction of the sounds, favored this opinion or that, and the excitement of partisanship rose to an immense height. What added indescribably to the interest of the scene was a group of Austrian officers on horseback, who, in their eagerness to obtain tidings, had ridden beyond their lines, and were now standing almost within musket range of us. We could see that their telescopes were

turned to the eventful spot, and we gloried to think of the effect the scene must be producing on them.

"They've seen enough!" cried one of our fellows, laughing, while he pointed to the horsemen, who, suddenly wheeling about, galloped back to their camp at full speed.

"You'll have the drums beat to arms now; there's little time to lose. Our cuirassiers will soon be upon them," cried another, in ecstasy.

"No; but the rain will, and upon us, too," said Giorgio, who had now come up; "don't you see that it is not a battle yonder; it's a 'borasco.' There it comes." And as if the outstretched finger of the dwarf had been the wand of a magician, the great cloud was suddenly torn open with a crash, and the rain descended like a deluge, swept along by a hurricane wind, and came in vast sheets of water, while high over our heads, and moving onward towards the sea, growled the distant thunder. The great mountain was now visible from base to summit, but not a soldier, not a gun—to be seen! Swollen and yellow, the gushing torrents leaped madly from crag to crag, and crashing trees, and falling rocks, added their wild sounds to the tumult.

There we stood, mute and sorrow-struck, regardless of the seething rain, unconscious of anything save our disappointment. The hope we built upon had left us, and the dreary scene of storm around seemed but a type of our own future! And yet we could not turn away, but with eyes strained and aching, gazed at the spot from where our savior should have come.

I looked up at the watch-tower, and there was Massena still, his arms folded on a battlement; he seemed to be deep in thought. At last he arose, and drawing his cloak across his face, descended the winding-stair outside the tower. His step was slow, and more than once he halted, as if to think. When he reached the walls, he walked rapidly on, his suite following him.

"Ah, Mons. Tiernay," said he, as he passed me, "you know what an Apennine storm is now; but it will cool the air, and give us delicious weather;" and so he passed on, with an easy smile.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MONTE DI FACCIO.

THE disappointment we had suffered was not the only circumstance adverse to our expedition. The rain had now swollen the smallest rivulets to the size of torrents; in many places the paths would be torn away and obliterated, and everywhere the difficulty of a night-march enormously increased. Giorgio, however, who was, perhaps, afraid of forfeiting his reward, assured the general that these mountain streams subside even more rapidly than they rise; that, such was the dryness of the soil, no trace of rain would be seen by sunset, and that we should have a calm, starry night, the very thing we wanted for our enterprise.

We did not need persuasion to believe all he said; the opinion chimed in with our own wishes, and, better still, was verified to the very letter by

a glorious afternoon. Landward, the spectacle was perfectly enchanting; the varied foliage of the Apennines, refreshed by the rain, glittered and shone in the sun's rays, while in the bay, the fleet, with sails hung out to dry, presented a grand and an imposing sight. Better than all, Monte Faccio now appeared quite near us; we could, even with the naked eye, perceive all the defences, and were able to detect a party of soldiers at work outside the walls, clearing, as it seemed, some water-course that had been impeded by the storm. Unimportant as the labor was, we watched it anxiously, for we thought that perhaps before another sunset many a brave fellow's blood might dye that earth. During the whole of that day, from some cause or other, not a shot had been fired either from the land-batteries or the fleet; and, as though a truce had been agreed to, we sat watching each other's movements peacefully and calmly.

"The Austrians would seem to have been as much deceived as ourselves, sir," said an old artillery sergeant to me, as I strolled along the walls at nightfall. "The picquets last night were close to the glacis, but see, now they have fallen back a gun-shot or more."

"But they have had time enough since to have resumed their old position," said I, half doubting the accuracy of the surmise.

"Time enough, parbleu! I should think so, too! but when the white-coats manoeuvre, they write to Vienna to ask, 'What's to be done next!'"

This passing remark, in which, with all its exaggeration, there lay a germ of truth, was the universal judgment of our soldiers on those of the Imperial army; and to the prevalence of the notion may be ascribed much of that fearless indifference with which small divisions of ours attacked the whole army corps of the enemy. Bonaparte was the first to point out this slowness, and to turn it to the best advantage.

"If our general ever intended a sortie, this would be the night for it, sir," resumed he; "the noise of those mountain streams would mask the sounds of a march, and even cavalry, if led with caution, might be in upon them before they were aware."

This speech pleased me, not only for the judgment it conveyed, but as an assurance that our expedition was still a secret in the garrison.

On questioning the sergeant further, I was struck to find that he had abandoned utterly all hope of ever seeing France again; and such he told me was the universal feeling of the soldiery. "We know well, sir, that Massena is not the man to capitulate, and we cannot expect to be relieved." And yet with this stern, comfortless conviction on their minds—with hunger, and famine, and pestilence on every side—they never uttered one word of complaint, not even a murmur of remonstrance. What would Moreau's fellows say of us? What would the Army of the Meuse think? These were the ever present arguments against surrender; and the judgment of their comrades was far more terrible to them than the grape-shot of the enemy.

"But do you not think when Bonaparte crosses the Alps he will hasten to our relief?"

"Not he, sir! I know him well. I was in the same troop with him, a bombardier at the same gun. Bonaparte will never go after small game where there's a nobler prey before him. If he does cross the Alps he'll be for a great battle under Milan; or, mayhap, march on Venice. He's not thinking of our starved battalions here; he's planning some great campaign, depend on it. He never faced the Alps to succor Genoa."

How true was this appreciation of the great general's ambition, I need scarcely repeat; but so it was at the time; many were able to guess the bold aspirations of one who, to the nation, seemed merely one among the numerous candidates for fame and honors.

It was about an hour after my conversation with the sergeant, that an orderly came to summon me to Colonel de Barre's quarters; and, with all my haste to obey, I only arrived as the column was formed. The plan of attack was simple enough. Three Voltigeur companies were to attempt the assault of the Monte Faccio, under De Barre; while to engage attention, and draw off the enemy's force, a strong body of infantry and cavalry was to debouch on the Chiavari road, as though to force a passage in that direction. In all that regarded secrecy and despatch our expedition was perfect; and, as we moved silently through the streets, the sleeping citizens never knew of our march. Arrived at the gate, the column halted, to give us time to pass along the walls and descend the glen, an operation which, it was estimated, would take forty-five minutes; at the expiration of this they were to issue forth to the feint attack.

At a quick step we now pressed forward towards the angle of the bastion, whence many a path led down the cliff in all directions. Half-a-dozen of our men, well acquainted with the spot, volunteered as guides, and the muskets being slung on the back, the word was given to "move on," the rallying-place being the plateau of the orange-trees I have already mentioned.

"Steep enough this," said De Barre to me, as, holding on by briars and brambles, we slowly descended the gorge; "but few of us will ever climb it again."

"You think so?" asked I in some surprise.

"Of course, I know it," said he. "Vallence, who commands the battalions below, always condemned the scheme; rely on it, he's not the man to make himself out a false prophet. I don't pretend to tell you that in our days of monarchy there were neither jealousies nor party grudges, and that men were above all small and ungenerous rivalry; but, assuredly, we had less of them than now. If the field of competition is more open to every one, so are the arts by which success is won; a preëminence in a republic means always the ruin of a rival. If we fail, as fail we must, he'll be a general."

"But why must we fail?"

"For every reason; we are not in force; we

know nothing of what we are about to attack ; and if repulsed, have no retreat behind us."

"Then why——" I stopped, for already I saw the impropriety of my question.

"Why did I advise the attack!" said he mildly, taking up my half-uttered question. "Simply because death outside these walls is quicker and more glorious than within them. There's scarcely a man who follows us has not the same sentiment in his heart. The terrible scenes of the last five weeks have driven our fellows to all but mutiny. Nothing, indeed, maintained discipline but a kind of tigerish thirst for vengeance—a hope that the day of reckoning would come round, and one fearful lesson teach these same whitecoats how dangerous it is to drive a brave enemy to despair."

De Barre continued to talk in this strain as we descended, every remark he made being uttered with all the coolness of one who talked of a matter indifferent to him. At length the way became too steep for much converse, and slipping and scrambling, we now only interchanged a chance word as we went. Although two hundred and fifty men were around and about us, not a voice was heard ; and, except the occasional breaking of a branch, or the occasional fall of some heavy stone into the valley, not a sound was heard. At length a-long, shrill whistle announced that the first man had reached the bottom, which, to judge from the faintness of the sound, appeared yet a considerable distance off. The excessive darkness increased the difficulty of the way, and De Barre continued to repeat, "that we had certainly been misinformed, and that even in daylight the descent would take an hour."

It was full half an hour after this when we came to a small rivulet, the little boundary line between the two steep cliffs. Here our men were all assembled, refreshing themselves with the water, still muddy from recent rain, and endeavoring to arrange equipments and arms, damaged and displaced by many a fall.

"We've taken an hour and twenty-eight minutes," said De Barre, as he placed a fire-fly on the glass of his watch to see the hour. "Now, men, let us make up for lost time. *En avant!*"

"*En avant!*" was quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and never was a word more spirit-stirring to Frenchmen! With all the alacrity of men fresh and "eager for the fray," they began the ascent, and such was the emulous ardor to be first, that it assumed all the features of a race.

A close pine wood greatly aided us now, and, in less time than we could believe it possible, we reached the plateau appointed for our rendezvous. This being the last spot of meeting, before our attack on the fort, the final dispositions were here settled on, and the orders for the assault arranged. With day-light, the view from this terrace, for such it was in reality, would have been magnificent, for even now, in the darkness, we could track out the great thoroughfares of the city, follow the windings of the bay and harbor, and, by the lights on board, detect the fleet as it lay at anchor. To the left, and for many a mile, as it

seemed, were seen twinkling the bivouac fires of the Austrian army; while, directly above our heads, glittering like a red star, shone the solitary gleam that marked out the "Monte Faccio."

I was standing silently at De Barre's side, looking on this sombre scene, so full of terrible interest, when he clutched my arm violently, and whispered—"Look yonder; see, the attack has begun."

The fire of the artillery had flashed as he spoke, and now, with his very words, the deafening roar of the guns was heard from below.

"I told you he'd not wait for us, Tiernay. I told you how it would happen!" cried he; then, suddenly recovering his habitual composure of voice and manner, he said, "Now for our part, men, forwards."

And away went the brave fellows, tearing up the steep mountain side, like an assault party at a breach. Though hidden from our view by the darkness and the dense wood, we could hear the incessant din of large and small arms; the roll of the drums summoning men to their quarters, and what we thought were the cheers of charging squadrons.

Such was the mad feeling of excitement these sounds produced, that I cannot guess what time elapsed before we found ourselves on the crest of the mountain, and not above three hundred paces from the outworks of the fort. The trees had been cut away on either side, so as to offer a species of "glacis," and this must be crossed under the fire of the batteries, before an attack could be commenced. Fortunately for us, however, the garrison was too confident of its security to dread a *coup de main* from the side of the town, and had placed all their guns along the bastion, towards Borghetto, and this De Barre immediately detected. A certain "alert" on the walls, however, and a quick movement of lights, here and there, showed that they had become aware of the sortie from the town, and gradually we could see figure after figure ascending the walls, as if to peer down into the valley beneath.

"You see what Vengeance has done for us," said De Barre, bitterly; "but for *him* we should have taken these fellows, *en flagrant delit*, and carried their walls before they could turn out a captain's guard."

As he spoke, a heavy, crashing sound was heard, and a wild cheer. Already our pioneers had gained the gate, and were battering away at it; another party had reached the walls, and thrown up their rope ladders, and the attack was opened! In fact, Giorgio had led one division by a path somewhat shorter than ours, and they had begun the assault before we issued from the pine wood.

We now came up at a run, but under a smart fire from the walls, already fast crowding with men. Defiling close beneath the wall, we gained the gate, just as it had fallen beneath the assault of our men; a steep covered way led up from it, and along this our fellows rushed madly, but sud-

denly, from the gloom a red glare flashed out, and a terrible discharge of grape swept all before it. "Lie down!" was now shouted from front to rear, but, even before the order could be obeyed, another and more fatal volley followed.

Twice we attempted to storm the ascent; but, wearied by the labor of the mountain pass—worn out by fatigue—and, worse still, weak from actual starvation, our men faltered! It was not fear, nor was there anything akin to it; for, even as they fell under the thick fire, their shrill cheers breathed stern defiance. They were utterly exhausted, and failing strength could do no more! De Barre took the lead, sword in hand, and with one of those wild appeals, that soldiers never hear in vain, addressed them; but the next moment his shattered corpse was carried to the rear. The scaling party, alike repulsed, had now defiled to our support; but the death-dealing artillery swept through us without ceasing. Never was there a spectacle so terrible, as to see men, animated by courageous devotion, burning with glorious zeal, and yet powerless from very debility—actually dropping from the weakness of famine! The staggering step—the faint shout—the powerless charge—all showing the ravages of pestilence and want.

Some sentiment of compassion must have engaged our enemies' sympathy, for twice they relaxed their fire, and only resumed it as we returned to the attack. One fearful discharge of grape, at pistol range, now seemed to have closed the struggle; and, as the smoke cleared away, the earth was seen crowded with dead and dying. The broken ranks no longer showed discipline—men gathered in groups around their wounded comrades, and, to all seeming, indifferent to the death that menaced them. Scarcely an officer survived, and, among the dead beside me, I recognized Giorgio, who still knelt in the attitude in which he had received his death-wound.

I was like one in some terrible dream, powerless and terror-stricken, as I stood thus amid the slaughtered and the wounded.

"You are my prisoner," said a gruff-looking old Croat grenadier, as he snatched my sword from my hand, by a smart blow on the wrist and I yielded without a word.

"Is it over?" said I; "is it over?"

"Yes, parbleu, I think it is," said a comrade, whose cheek was hanging down from a bayonet wound. "There are not twenty of us remaining, and they will do very little for the service of the 'Great Republic.'"

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FIRST PRINT.

THE art of the goldsmith, in our days limited to the fashioning of gold and silver into sacred vessels, table-ornaments, or utensils for daily use, was formerly not deemed unworthy of being exercised by the most celebrated hands. At the period of the revival of the arts in Italy, the goldsmiths were real, and often great artists in design, sculpture, carving, and engraving. With them originated the art of engraving on metals, and about the middle of the fifteenth century they introduced an ornamental kind on plates of silver or gold. When the design was engraved, the lines or incisions were filled in with a shining black compound made of silver and lead, so as to produce the effect of shadow; and as the plates thus cut and prepared were called *niello*—the Italian contraction of the Latin word *nigellum*—the goldsmiths were also known by the name *niellatori*. Amongst the most remarkable of these workers in *niello* is the Florentine, Jomaso Finiguerra, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. He, in common with all the goldsmiths of the age, devoted all the resources of his genius and skill to the engraving, and afterwards inlaying with *niello*, a kind of small semicircular plates of silver, three or four inches in depth, to which the name *pax* was given, from the words "*Pax tecum*," ("*Peace be with thee*,") uttered by the officiating priest when, after kissing them himself, he presented them to be kissed by the other priests in attendance. Distinguished above all other productions of this kind, as well by its artistic merit as by its subject, is one *pax*, representing the Assumption of the Virgin; and though it bears neither name nor mark, yet there can be no doubt that it is the workmanship of Finiguerra, as in the city archives of Florence is to be found an entry of "sixty-six florins paid to Jomaso Finiguerra for a *pax*, on which is engraved the Assumption of the Virgin." This *pax* is still carefully preserved in the museum of Florence; and when we consider that the art was then in its infancy, it is saying not a little for the production, that eyes that have been feasting on the works of the great masters can dwell with complacency on it, as

far surpassing anything of which that age could boast. But whatever may be its intrinsic merit, a discovery lately made is calculated to add to its celebrity amongst amateurs.

Vasari, in his "*Lives of Celebrated Painters*," relates that a woman having accidentally gone into Finiguerra's studio, and laid down upon a silver plate engraved in *niello* a wet cloth, was very much surprised, when she took it up again, to find the whole of the engraving stamped upon it. This incident, calculated to strike even an ordinary mind, must have made a deep impression on the vivid imagination of Finiguerra. It is but natural to suppose that it must have immediately occurred to the ingenious artist, that the impression of the engraving might as easily be taken on paper as on cloth, nor is it less likely that having tried several experiments with the same result as before, he persevered till he at last devised a mode of pressing by a cylinder a damp sheet of paper on the engraving, and thus discovered the art of taking a print from a metal plate.

All this, however, probable and natural as it is, would be but mere conjecture, and was only such till the end of the last century, when the learned Abate Zani discovered, among the treasures of art in the Louvre, a proof-print of this *niello* of Finiguerra, printed with dark and indelible ink; and now the precious sheet, carefully separated from the other prints of the old Italian masters, and with a glass over it, is exhibited to the admiring gaze of amateurs, as the first print ever taken from an engraving.

The following epitaph is inscribed upon a slate tomb-stone, in the burial ground in Stirling, in this county:

Her anxious friends stood weeping round,
While she on a bed of sickness lay;
No medicine could they get down,
She not a word to them could say.

The anxious friends certainly did a good thing in exonerating the doctors from any hand in her death, but in reading the epitaph one could not but feel a regret that some remedial measures had not been tried.—*Worcester Spy*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ARE THE ENGLISH A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest

These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's uprilled strain
Bursts in a squall, they gape for wonderment.

* * * * *

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake; O let me hide,
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees;
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease;
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe—
Ballad of shipwrecked sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman; for thy voice reasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter—birds, or trees,
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves;
Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THESE are "Lines composed in a Concert-room" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Let us place beside them the exclamation of a certain country mayoress, which has obtained immortality by having been overheard by Byron—"Rot your Italianos!" said she; "for my part, I loves a simple ballat."

The difference in expression is considerable, certainly; but the sentiments of the poet and the lady are identical. Strip Coleridge's verse of its rich language and attractive imagery, and you will find nothing left that was not expressed by the other critic.

The simple fact was, that Coleridge (like very many of his countrymen, who take the same tone as he did) was incapable of appreciating music, *as music*; it gave him pleasure, and he valued it only because of the sentimental and poetical associations or visions which it could recall, or create. He objects to the music given to him in the concert-room:—because it is *bad*!—not in the least, but because the woman who sings it is one whom he cannot invest with poetical interest. Of the *music* itself—of the COMPOSER, his soul and his genius—he incidentally never once thought. And on what grounds does he set up the strains of his "old musicians," his Edmund, and his "dear Anne," above those proceeding from the "proud harlot's distended breast?"—because they are good music, or better music than that of the proud, &c. &c. No; but because of the associations of romantic scenery, happy days, friendship, love, poetry, and what not, with which they are connected in his mind; and which, be they as ennobling and delightful as you will, he has no more right to set up by way of depreciating contrast against the "intricacies of laborious song," than a picture by Raphael, or the

Paradise Lost, or an apricot tart. Then observe the arrogance with which he disposes of the whole of the company who dare to listen with pleasure to the poor "Italiano," whose character he slices off so summarily! "These," says he, with scornful pity,

—feel not music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at nature's passion-warbled plaint!

If any of the audience had looked over his shoulders while he was setting down these lines in the concert-room, how justly he might have expostulated with him: What do you mean sir, when you talk of *nature*? Music is a matter of art, not of *nature*; and if you will excuse my employing the rather vulgar rhetorical artifice called the *Tu Quoque*, it is plain, by what you are saying, that it is you who are incapable of feeling music's genuine power, however much you may be alive to the influence of what you call "nature's passion-warbled plaint;" a rather vague expression, but which, however, I will not pretend to misunderstand, for, in truth, I know perfectly well what you mean. Sir, you are here simply in the position of a deaf man. It is not another music that you are contrasting with this music, but something else—namely, *poetry*. For that you have a soul; for music proper you have none. But what business, pray, have you to assume that I am incapable of appreciating both in their respective spheres? Is one inconsistent with the other? I beg to inform you, sir, that I am as capable of "sucking melancholy out of a song" by my dear Anne, or out of Edmund's flute, as you are; yet, because I have the additional faculty, which you want, of loving music, *per se* music, you think yourself entitled to deny me the other, and to take up your position *above* me, as a matter of course!

If such a retort in stance had been addressed to the great and candid S. T. C., we cannot doubt that he would have admitted its justice, and his works "had wanted one immortal song," (immortal, unfortunately, because his), which certainly adds nothing to his reputation for breadth of view or capacity for art. Though, after all, one can hardly wish for any revision that would have cost us the beautiful little pictures called up by the latter part of the poem.

Coleridge's case, as we have already hinted, is that of the great majority of the English nation; and in the explanation of it above suggested will be found, we believe, the key to nine tenths of the nonsense that is written and spoken in this country about music and musicians; as well as the answer to the much-disputed question whether the English are a musical people or not. Undoubtedly, in one sense, the English are a very musical people; that is to say, they listen to music with great pleasure seek it eagerly, and pay for it freely; in another sense, they are, and probably will long continue, hopelessly unmusical.

One man "likes" music because of the thoughts of the dance "with merry maids amid the tedded hay" which it evokes; another because of the ballad or other *poetry* with which it is connected; another for the sake of his "dear Anne" and other home associations; many perhaps delude themselves into a sort of brummagem enthusiasm for it under the inspiration of newspaper puffery of some Cynthia of the minute, some popular artist, some splendid scenery or grand procession with real live horses, in an opera; but music here is rarely judged or enjoyed *as music*, as a manifestation of genius and power expressed through purely musical means, and appealing to the purely musical perceptions.

The love of music in this its truest and highest sense is certainly not common in Englishmen; it is probably an acquired taste in all who possess it.

There is but one of the fine arts in which John Bull can be said to have any instinctive sense of æsthetic excellence, and that is *poetry*. For the appreciation of poetry he has a complete organization; and partly on that account, and partly also on account of the close connexion of poetry with the now fashionable art of reading, poetical criticism as generally expressed in this country (we are not speaking of the few great lights of criticism, but of the tone commonly prevalent among the classes called "the educated,") is unquestionably in a purer and healthier condition than that which we are daily doomed to hear on the subject of painting, sculpture, and music; and, however far it may still be from absolute truth and justice, still we do feel for the most part that the speaker understands, or at any rate is capable of understanding, something of what he is talking about; which is far from being always the case when the other arts are under discussion. At least, we do not hear people say they are fond of poetry, but don't like blank verse; or that they are fond of poetry, but not in morocco binding; yet a man will announce quite complacently that he delights in music, but not instrumental music; or that he delights in music, provided it be in the open air; and so forth.

Poetry, then, with us has swallowed up all her sisters; and we judge these, not on their own merits and by their own principles, but by referring them to a poetical standard; we praise or blame them according to their power of exciting poetical emotions. Now when you have said of a picture that it is poetical, you have given it high praise, but not the highest; its highest praise should be that it is pictorial. The true lover of painting will experience, on looking at a masterpiece of Raphael or Titian, emotions which have no similarity to, no analogy with, those excited by poetry of any kind; emotions of which he feels not only that he wants words to express them, but that words have nothing to do with them. So it is with music; and the man who insists on judging it by any standard but its own—who likes it for its concomitants, (accidental or inseparable,) and not for itself and by itself, may, and doubtless does, draw from it much pure and ennobling pleasure, but should forever hold his peace in the way of criticism. Who, however, in these days, will do that? Everybody now has an opinion, and will utter it; and in consideration of the many priceless blessings that we owe to cheap literature, diffusion of useful knowledge, and all that sort of thing, we must make up our minds never to hear again on any subject except a pure question of fact, any such an expression as "I really know nothing about it." Everybody now sees the Penny Phidias, or the Ladies' Mirror of Æsthetics, and has a right (which he will exercise) to favor us with his critical speculations thence extracted: and if the writers who thus form the taste of the country, and dictate its verdicts, are not the select few whose opinions are really worth having, and whose names would carry the weight of authority, whose fault is that?—a serious question, which we leave to the consideration of those whom it may concern; it is not our business to answer it at present.

The question of the comparative excellence of music as understood by the musician, and music as understood by Coleridge, is one into which there is no occasion to enter; all we wish to point out at

present is, that they are two entirely distinct things, and that it is perfectly unreasonable and absurd to condemn the one for not being the other. There is no choice to be made between them; there is no reason why a man should not be able to taste the full delights of both. In point of fact, however, it is certain that it is for Coleridge's music only that there can be said to be at all a national taste in England; the love of *musical* music is comparatively rare, and, as we have already said, is probably an acquired taste with all Britons, though (let it be remembered) not the less really possessed, when acquired, than if it had been sucked in with the mother's milk, as the German's and Italian's is. The opera, in particular, is a manifestation of music which meets with no sympathetic appreciation in this country, as indeed would naturally be expected by whoever remembers that it is a mere exotic, imported here full-grown, the creation of a people differing from us in race, in character, in habits, and in climate. The opera is a birth of the South, and we belong to the North; passion is the soul of operative music, and we are an unimpassioned people.

The reader who acquiesces in the view of English musical taste that we have suggested, will readily see the causes of the extraordinary popularity of Jenny Lind in this country. Hitherto, the superiority in beauty of organ, and in musical skill, of singers of the southern school was so unquestionable, that John Bull (though often secretly under the influence of much the same sentiments as Coleridge and the mayores had the courage to avow) had felt himself compelled to give the tribute of his external worship to divinities whose greatness he could not deny, but whose influence had never touched his heart. But when one came who united an admirable voice and a perfect education in her art, with those other qualities which satisfied the undefined requirements of the British bosom;—when it was found that the North as well as the South—the ballad as well as the opera—sentiment as well as passion, might have its Diva, it is no wonder that the honest gentleman should have indemnified himself, even with a certain amount of extravagance, for his long course of what he could now acknowledge to have been hypocrisy, and should have relieved his swelling breast by such expressions of his love and adoration as his stout and not altogether agile frame could give outward utterance to; though even while under this genuine attachment it has been curious to observe that remarkable perverseness, so common here in all matters relating to art and artists, with which people will look at the accessory and incidental, instead of the principal and important. If you go into a picture gallery, you will hear many more remarks on the frames than on the paintings; at a tragedy, all the attention seems to be fixed on the scenery, or the processions; and, in like manner, many thousands of Jenny Lind's lovers (for that is the word) choose to take their stand on her personal beauty, though she is decidedly a plain young woman; and thousands more dilate on her excellent moral character; perhaps we shall hear some day of her knowledge of the mathematics, or power of balancing a straw on her nose.

Clumsy, and ungainly, and ridiculous enough, no doubt, has often been the outward form of the ovations which have met the Swedish nightingale in her progress through the land;—when an unsteady elderly gentleman chooses to fall in love, to frisk and gambol in a way that is only graceful or

endurable in childhood, or to crown himself with garlands and sing serenades, of course he makes a monstrous noodle of himself, and deserves to be laughed at alike by his contemporaries and his juniors; there is, in fact, only one spectacle of the kind more ludicrous—namely, that which is at this moment being exhibited by the citizens of the United States, where a people, without much feeling for the beauties of either art or nature, are deliberately lashing themselves like spinning dervishes into a state of temporary delirium about this same lady, solely out of a spirit of bravado, and a brazen resolution to show the world that they, too, can be enthusiastic—if they choose! and can flog the universe in that line as well as every other as soon as they have an opportunity for practice;* but far be it from us to deny Jenny, as she is somewhat impertinently called, though not with an impertinent intention—for it is genuine Anglo-Saxon homeliness to express admiration, and even veneration, by familiarity—far be it from us to deny to this young lady the full praise, honor, and worship due from rational beings to a charming and highly-finished musician, with the sweetest voice that this generation at least ever heard, and in her own school of singing, (what may be called the natural or sentimental school,) certainly quite without a peer. So long, Mr. Bull, as you keep the expression of the Psalmist in your recollection, and “sing your praises with understanding,” every true lover of music will join to swell your chorus, but do try not to jump about so much, and to be a little more reasonable in your language; and don’t think it necessary to exalt everything that you do love by depreciating everything you don’t; nor to vindicate your right to have an opinion, by denouncing dogmatically everything and everybody that does not touch your feelings, or tickle your fancy. “What a delightful singer!” you cry. Hear, hear, say we. “And then so charitable!” Very likely. “And such a lovely countenance!” Do you think so? “And how superior to Gisi!” Eh?

Why superior to Gisi? And how superior to Gisi! When you are praising Claude, do you say, How superior to Titian! Do you call a strawberry superior to a plum-pudding? Do you mean that Jenny Lind is a more impassioned dramatic singer—a more ardent interpreter of the spirit of the South than Gisi!—that she is the fitter to impersonate Semiramide, Norma, Lucrezia Borgia; or even the creations of the higher and richer comedy, the bride of Figaro, or the elder daughter of deaf old Geronimo? Surely not. Or do you mean that to be a graceful representative of Amina, or the Fille du Regiment, requires a genius of so far superior an order, that a mere tragedy queen must not be named in the same column? You can hardly mean that either. One cannot help

* The Southrons can play extravagant pranks too, no doubt; at Venice, Malibran’s glove was cut into forty pieces and set in lockets; and “our own correspondent” at Lisbon has lately reported, that the spot where Madame Stolz set her foot on a dandy’s cloak (which was laid for her to walk on—but that is nothing) was marked in chalk, and kissed by the company all round! But there is all the difference in the world between the folly of an excited child and of a drunken man. At any rate, the kisses at Lisbon were not speculated in, with different prices for the various gratifications of prurient nastiness. It is to be hoped that the newspaper accounts of Jenny Lind’s receptions in the United States of America may read the same lesson to us English as a reeling Helot was supposed to read to the youth of Sparta.

suspecting, dear sir, that when the matter is looked into, it will be found that you mean little more than “Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat.”

But why should not people content themselves with uttering the latter part of this sentiment without the former? Why should not a man express a just love for a “simple ballat,” without calling down that awful and mysterious doom on the unfortunate Italiano! No candid man—musician or not—would think the worse either of the head or the heart of an Englishman who should say plainly, “I do not find that the Southern school of music, with its dramatic and impassioned character, comes home to me in the same way as the simpler and more natural school of the North. I seem to have a closer affinity for the one than for the other; and therefore I do not seek what I feel I cannot appreciate.” No one, we say, could fairly find fault with an Englishman who should thus speak; nor with an “Italiano” who should, on similar grounds, declare his inability to taste the charm of a “simple ballat.” Possibly that is true of music which has often been suggested of late with respect to other arts, and there is a *real* connexion between particular forms and modes of music and particular races, countries, and social conditions of men, so that the tastes and feelings respecting it which are found to be deeply and generally rooted in the body of a people form part of one harmonious whole, and will not and cannot become other than they are, except in the process of a general change in the whole national character. But, whether or not there be such a mutual fitness or inter-dependence between matters and qualities which, at first sight, appear the most disconnected, the *fact* at any rate is undeniable, that, as at present constituted, there is the broadest difference between different nations in all matters relative to the exercise of the faculty called taste; and whether all are equally right, or all, or all but one, equally wrong—whether all are already really contemplating the same object through different organs, and telling the same true tale in different tongues, or there is one, and only one, real standard of beauty and excellence held up to all mankind alike, and by all alike attainable, if duly struggled after—not through, but by shaking off, specific peculiarities and accidents—whether there are nine Muses, or only one Apollo—whether the Polytheism now apparently existing be really rebellious idolatry, or a sort of unconscious Pantheism, there are two things, at least, of which we may be very sure; first, that the broadest and least sectarian view of art is the *most likely* to be the true one; secondly, that he who can only ridicule and ignore all foreign schools is not likely to attain a full or just appreciation even of his own. Nobody who has frequented the opera-house, and read musical critiques sufficiently to be able to distinguish the educated few from the bulk of the public, can fail to see how entirely undiscerning and unsympathetic are these latter in all that concerns the real distinctive character and charm of OPERA. We have already admitted that it owes neither its birth, nor any part of its development, to this country, and is still a mere foreigner here; and some, perhaps, may think that this admission should be enough to put it out of court for the present; but though it be true that nobody can be reasoned into loving what he does not love, still much may be done by clearing away prejudices, and putting the character and merits of the object in a fair point of view, that may create new trains of thought, awake new sympa-

thies, and lead finally to the desired result. It is useless, no doubt, to expatiate to a blind man on the beauties of a landscape, but you may couch him.

It could be only in a country where no true capacity for enjoying the opera exists that such a monstrous assertion could be put forward and commonly maintained, as that Jenny Lind is a greater *Dramatic Artist* than Grisi. It is based on ignorance and prejudice, and supported by the merest sentimental twaddle; chiefly by that silly old piece of cant, a hundred times refuted, but ever springing up again as lively as ever from the inexhaustible fount of human folly, which represents Nature and Art as two antagonistic powers, the one divine, the other earthly at best, if not infernal; so that when you have dubbed one thing "natural" and another "artificial," you have necessarily exalted the first and condemned the second. "How charmingly simple and natural is Jenny Lind's acting!" people say. "She is just the plain village girl among her fields and her sheep; no consciousness of foot-lights or audience in her. But Grisi—how artificial she is in comparison! She never forgets that she is treading the stage; whatever else she is, she is always the prima donna." Well, but even granting that your contrast is just, is it so certain that Grisi is in the wrong line, and Lind in the right? An opera is altogether a somewhat artificial production, is it not? and is it not possible that a certain amount of conventional treatment is proper, and is what true artistic feeling suggests, in order to preserve the general harmony and consistency of the whole work? Not only is an opera artificial and conventional, but it is so to such a pitch—it demands such enormous, and in some respects incompatible concessions on the part of the audience, before (one may almost say) it can have any existence at all, that it may well be doubted whether the utmost skill and ingenuity can under the most favorable circumstances harmonize its extravagancies into anything that can be properly and strictly called a pure work of Art; that is, a production consistent with its own conditions, and which, those conditions once conceded, suggests no want and no incongruity; it may well be doubted, we say, whether an opera can ever be more than a performance of which we accept great part in the passive uncritical spirit of a child, because we feel that, on the whole, it furnishes the noblest arena in which musical genius and passion can energize. Surely, then, it is not enough to say of acting in opera that it is natural, unless you can add that it is artistic also. Real hair is not supposed to be an improvement to a statue, and yet it is much more "natural" than the marble. Acting, and particularly operatic acting, may unquestionably be too natural; it is not mimicry, still less deception, that is required, it is artistic effect, and Jenny Lind, with all her talent, decidedly errs in this respect—commits, in fact, the very fault which her ultra-admirers praise her so for wanting. She does not act—that is, personate, enough; she retains her self-consciousness too absolutely. Instead of acting "Amina," she presents to us Jenny Lind, heart-broken at the loss of her lover; very interesting and charming; but what is she doing there, singing songs in front of a row of foot-lights? She has stepped out of the frame, and, instead of performing her part in the production of that delightful whole called the opera of *La Sonnambula*, she is trying to interest us on her own account. That is not being true, either to Nature or to Art; it is betraying both. Let us submit this Nature-and-

Art argument to one simple, and, as it seems to us, conclusive test. Let us consider for an instant what effects Jenny Lind, and what effects Grisi, would probably produce on the audience, supposing them both to possess unlimited powers of carrying out their respective systems or principles. Jenny Lind absolutely makes us believe that she is a lovely and virtuous, but uneducated, peasant girl, exposed to the cruellest suspicions, abandoned by her lover, and dying of despair; at the same time she expresses herself solely in song, (accompanied by an orchestra,) displays varied accomplishments, and takes an audience of several hundred strangers into her confidence. The contrast and inconsistency would be so painful to some, and so ludicrous to others, that half the company would rush out of the house, and the other half would burst into roars of brutal laughter. Grisi, on the contrary, instead of bringing the prima donna into the common world, transports the audience into an operatic world, created for the nonce: a world in which song, accompanied by an orchestra, is the natural and only mode of conversation, and in which pit, boxes, and gallery go for nothing, and, in fact, are only a stone wall or a row of trees, as the case may be. So long as her spell lasts, everything is thus easy, consistent, and intelligible. Which, then, is the truest to Art? And whichever is truest to Art, is, in the best sense, truest to Nature also. "Nature is God's art," as has been nobly said; and as we began by citing a passage in which one of our great poets forgot himself into narrow and bigoted criticism, we will end with a passage from a still greater one, which shows that his "bland and universal eye"* saw the whole truth in this matter, as it did in most others:—

— Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of noble race;—this is an art
Which does mend Nature—change it rather; but
THE ART ITSELF IS NATURE.

Winter's Tale.

The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principle of Nature in America. By E. G. SQUIER, A. M. (American Archaeological Researches, No. 1.)

THIS volume forms the first part, and but a small part, of an intended work on the religions, sciences, antiquities, and peoples of America; the facts for which purpose are found in the writings of the earlier discoverers and their successors, in the existing remains of monuments, and in cognate practices and remains in the Old World, or which seem such to the archaeological mind. The "high places" mentioned in Scripture, sun worship, the symbols of the egg and of the serpent, the phallic worship and its ramifications, with the growth of the doctrine of the Triune God, are the topics treated of. The volume exhibits the results of extensive reading; and the theory of the author is enforced by continual references to the religions of the Old World, which he holds to be identical with those of the New. The volume is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts. It is an American publication.—*Spectator*.

* See a Sonnet by Alfred Tennyson, read at the Macready banquet.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE MYSTERY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S BIRTH.

A FRENCH writer of some celebrity, M. Michaud, has just published a book, entitled, "The Public and Private Life of Louis Philippe, of Orleans, Ex-King of the French," in which he adopts and illustrates, by circumstantial details, a story which has long been floating about in France, of a most extraordinary purport. It is to the effect, that Louis Philippe was *not* a Bourbon, and had not a particle of royal blood in him, but was the son of a very humble Italian, whom some have supposed to be a Jew. Making use of the *Athenaeum*, we give the pith of the story, which runs as follows:—

That Philippe Egalité—whose character, unfortunately, affords no guarantee against the possibility of such an incident—exchanged his infant daughter for the son of a jailer, with whom he had formed an acquaintance when travelling in Italy, in order to preserve the family estates from lapsing to the crown for want of heirs male. All the incidents connected with this supposed exchange of infants, and with the events of their after-lives, have the character of romance; the time, the scene, the chief actors, and the final issues. Our readers shall see what view M. Michaud takes of the transaction:—

The virtues of the duchess have been pointed to as a refutation of the charge of exchanging children. It has also been alleged, that no inducement existed for either the husband or the wife to perpetrate such a crime. We deny not the virtues of that illustrious lady; but who can tell how far her wishes were controlled by her husband? We know that the greater part of their fortune consisted of demesnes (appanages) which, failing male issue, of necessity reverted to the crown; and that at this very period the duchess, after having been married four years, had given birth to but one child, and that a daughter, stillborn. Such was the state of affairs when the princess and her husband set out for Italy, where, under the titles of Count and Countess de Joinville, they spent several months at a village named Modigliana, situated on the top of the Apennines. Here the duchess proved to be in an interesting situation. The duke, who was fond of mean society, formed an intimacy with a jailer, named Chiappini, whose wife was similarly circumstanced. A bargain was entered into, that if the duchess' offspring should prove a daughter and the jailer's a son, an interchange should be effected. Things turned out according to this anticipation, and the terms of the engagement were mutually fulfilled. The jailer received a large sum of money. His son, born at Modigliana on the 17th of April, 1773, was removed to Paris, and kept concealed till the 6th of October, when the ceremony of private baptism was gone through, as we have already seen; while the duchess' daughter remained in Chiappini's house, and was educated as his own child, under the name of Marie Stella Petronilla, supplies being secretly sent once a year from France. According to the *Memoirs* of Marie Stella Petronilla, she continued long in this melancholy position, ignorant of her high birth, and very ill treated by her supposed mother, who loved her not, and lamented that son whose fate was hidden from her. The father had some idea of the truth; but, knowing the duke only as Count de Joinville, never dreamed that he was a prince of the blood royal of France. His reputed daughter excelled all his other children in beauty. Everything, indeed, about her indicated that she was of different blood. Her wit and precocity astonished every one. Before she had completed her seventeenth year, she so captivated Lord Newburgh, a British nobleman, then travelling

in Italy, that he made her his wife almost against her inclination, and conducted her to a home of splendor and magnificence on the banks of the Thames. By this marriage she had several children, one of whom is now an English peer. On the death of Lord Newburgh, she succeeded to a handsome jointure, but of this she afterwards forfeited a great part on her marriage with a Russian nobleman, the Baron de Sternberg. With him she lived for several years in great style, in St. Petersburg. A son was there born to her, who, while yet young, accompanied her to Italy before the death of Chiappini, whom she still regarded as her father. This man, before his death, addressed a letter to her, which altered her whole destiny, and troubled the remainder of her days.

This letter, supposing it to be real, revealed to the Baroness de Sternberg the secret of her birth. It ran as follows:—

My Lady—I am near the term of my earthly existence, and now, for the first time, unfold the following secret, which very intimately concerns you. On the day that you were born my wife gave birth to a son. Your mother, who is long dead, was a stranger to me. A proposal to exchange my boy for you was laid before me, and, after repeated solicitations, I was prevailed on to consult my worldly interests, (for the terms were highly advantageous.) You became a member of my family, while my son was received into that of the other party. Heaven, I perceive, has made up for my faults: you have been raised to a condition superior to your father's, though his rank also was noble; and, therefore, I leave the world with some peace of mind. Keep this by you, as a testimony that I was not altogether deaf to the voice of conscience. In entreating you to pardon my crime, I beseech you to conceal it from mankind, that the world may never know what is now incapable of remedy. This letter will be forwarded to you after my death.

(Signed)

LAURENT CHIAPPINI.

This epistle was forwarded to her by the sons of Chiappini; though it is said they kept back some papers which might have been of great use to her in recovering the lost traces of her parentage.

Words (says M. Michaud) can hardly express the effect produced by such a discovery on the mind of Marie Stella. Gifted with great energy and lofty sentiments, she passed at once from a position which had been excessively humiliating to a higher rank. Not a jailer, but a great lord, is her father. But who is the great lord? Impatient to fathom this mystery—unwilling to believe, with the jailer, that the past evil admitted of no remedy, she made inquiries and sought evidence in every quarter. Her efforts procured her the knowledge that her father was the Count de Joinville, a French nobleman, whose rank and fortune she was ignorant of. To learn all the truth on the subject, she set out in the beginning of the year 1823 for France, accompanied by her youngest child, Edward, son of Baron Sternberg. She found her way to the village of Joinville, of which her father had held the lordship. Here she learned that Joinville had been part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans, and that the duke, who perished on the scaffold in 1793, had sometimes travelled under that title. She next visited Paris, and there made several vain efforts to reach him who had succeeded to the title and the wealth of that powerful family. She consulted many men of business, and became the dupe of sharpers and police officers, who received much money from her by way of payment, and robbed her of a good deal more. When her means failed, she had recourse to an artifice, which, considering her position and difficulties, was certainly very excusable. She made known, through the public

journals, that the Baroness de Sternberg was in possession of a secret in which the heirs of the Count de Joinville were much interested. Louis Philippe was not long in hearing of this; his covetous disposition already rejoiced in the hope of some addition to his immense possessions. He accordingly communicated with the baroness through his natural uncle, the old Abbé of St. Phar, who thought that possibly he too might derive some worldly benefit from the adventure; but when the royal duke and his associate found that the secret referred to restitution, and not augmentation, the gates of the Palace Royal were hermetically closed against the baroness. She made great efforts, but, as she was a stranger in Paris, and all her motions were watched by the police—then nothing better than the slaves of Louis Philippe—she became once more the prey of those designing men, with whom Paris swarms, who were probably the agents of him whose interest it was above all to overthrow her pretensions. A distinguished writer, whose name she does not give, but whom, from her description, we readily identify, vainly endeavored to make interest for her with the Duchess of Angoulême. After being duped and plundered thus, she was obliged to return and renew her search in Italy. She returned from Italy, after an absence of several months, armed with fresh and important evidence, and, above all, with a judgment pronounced by the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of Faenza, on the 29th of May, 1824, which fixed her rank, and proved that she was not Chiappini's but the Count de Joinville's daughter. * * * When we know that the Duke of Orleans was the only Frenchman who could then bear the designation of the Count de Joinville, and that at the very period in question he really was travelling with his duchess, this evidence seems sufficient to settle the question.

The additional evidence did not "settle the question," so far as poor Marie Stella was concerned. Her story reads like a romance to the end of the chapter. M. Michaud continues:—

Armed with this, and other important pieces of evidence, the baroness set to work again, hopeful and confident; but, unfortunately, she could not find one honest man in Paris to direct her. She fell once more into the snares of the crafty, and spent her money to no purpose. Pecuniary temptations were presented to her in the most insidious manner by Louis Philippe's agents, but she resisted all with a pride truly worthy of royalty. Convinced that she was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, nothing short of a full recognition of her rights as such would satisfy her. Her stature, mien, and manners, even her voice, testified to this distinguished origin. All impartial men listened with admiration to her forcible assertion of her claims. It was scarcely possible to listen without being persuaded of their justice. She bore a striking resemblance to Madame Adelaide, the duke's sister, while the features of the latter vividly recalled to her her reputed father, the jailer. It is even said that on one occasion, when she conducted her youthful son, Edward, to the picture-gallery, the child, on observing a portrait of Louis Philippe, cried several times, "Papa Chiappini! Papa Chiappini!" The baroness was vexed by this incident. The police, who were ever on her track, who did all in their power to prevent the circulation of her memoirs, threatened her repeatedly with imprisonment. It is a strange fact, that Louis XVIII. and Charles X. not only consented to, but originated all those manoeuvres against the baroness. Those princes seemed then to repose entire confidence in him whom they regarded as their cousin, though that individual was ceaselessly engaged in schemes which compassed their destruction. The fall of the elder Bourbons, and the succession of Louis Philippe to his *good cousins*, rendered the baroness' position more than ever difficult. She

was more than once desired to return to England. The intervention of the ambassador shielded her from persecution; but she was now alone. The Baron de Sternberg had conducted her favorite son, Edward, to Russia, so that her courage and consciousness of the justice of her claim formed her only protection against the spies that surrounded her. Her memoirs having been seized, and the tribunals of justice closed against her by the ruling powers, whose tools they then were, they ended by pronouncing her mad; the only pretext for this calumny being a peculiar fancy which she had for feeding some birds which flew to her windows from the gardens of the Tuileries. We know, however, on irrefragable testimony, that to the last she retained the full possession of her reasoning faculties. She never abandoned her claims, but always subscribed herself Baroness de Sternberg, born Joinville. During the last five years of her life, a fear of being arrested in the streets caused her to confine herself to her own house, where she knew she was safe through the protection of the English ambassador. On the night before her death, in 1845, happening to hear the cannon announce the opening of the chambers, she called for the public journal that she might read the speech of that brigand. She never spoke again.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

The greater part of the vegetables consumed in Mexico are cultivated in the Chinampas, called by Europeans floating gardens. They are of two kinds; some are movable, and frequently driven up and down by the wind; others firm, and fixed to the shore. The former only can be termed floating, but the number of these is daily lessening.

The ingenious invention of the chinampas is traceable to the end of the fourteenth century, and the idea was probably suggested to the Aztecs by nature itself. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilco and Calaco, the waters, in their periodical swellings, throw up clods and mounds of earth, covered with grass and tangled roots. These masses, after floating for a long time up and down, the sport of every breeze, sometimes form into groups of small islets. A tribe, too weak and insignificant to establish any settlement on the mainland, took advantage of this portion of the soil thus accidentally placed at their disposal, and the possession of which was not likely to be disputed. The most ancient chinampas were only turf-mounds artificially joined, and then tilled and planted by the Aztecs. These floating islands are found in every zone. Humboldt describes those he saw at Quito, in the River Guayaquil, as being about twenty feet long, floating about in the middle of the stream, and full of the bamboo, the *Pistia stratiotes*, and other plants, whose roots are knotty, and disposed to intertwine. They are also to be found in the small lake called Lago di Agua Solfa of Tivoli, near the Baths of Agrippa, composed of sulphur, of carbonate of lime, and of the leaves of the *Uva thermalis*, and shifting from place to place at every breath of wind.

The industry of the Aztec nation has brought to great perfection the idea suggested by the masses of earth broken off from the banks of the rivers. The floating gardens found by the Spaniards in great numbers, and many of which are still to be found in the Lake of Calaco, were a sort of rafts formed of reeds, rushes, and rough, prickly, tangling shrubs, and covered by the Indians with a layer of rich earth, impregnated with murate of soda. This salt is gradually extracted from the soil by watering it with the water of the lake, and the ground is more or less fertilized, according to the more or less frequent application of this lye—for such, even when salt, the water becomes by filtration through the soil. The chinampas sometimes contain a hut for the Indian in charge of

a group of these floating gardens, which can be towed or impelled by long poles at pleasure, from one side of the river to the other; but most of those now known by the name are fixed; and as this happens just in proportion to the distance of the fresh-water lake from the salt-water lake, many are to be found along the Vega, in the marshy soil between the Lake of Calaco and the Lake of Tezcuco. Each chinampa forms a parallelogram, three hundred feet long and about twenty in breadth, and is separated from its neighbor by a narrow dike. In these chinampas are cultivated beans, peas, capsicums, potatoes, artichokes, and a great variety of other vegetables, and the borders are generally edged with flowers, and sometimes by a little hedge of rose-trees. Indeed, the beauty of the scenery altogether makes a boating excursion round them, especially those of Istacalco and Lake Chapala, most delightful.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—The captain of a whaler, says Cheever, gives the following account of an adventure which came very near being his last. In giving an account of the accident and singular escape, he said that as soon as he discovered that the line had caught in the bow of the boat, he stooped to clear it, and attempted to throw it out from the chock, so that it might run free. In doing this he was caught by a turn round his left wrist, and felt himself dragged overboard. He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down with unknown force and swiftness; and it appeared to him that his arm would be torn from his body, so great was the resistance of the water. He was well aware of his perilous condition, and that his only chance of life was to cut the line. But he could not remove his right arm from his side, to which it was pressed by the force of the element through which it was drawn. When he first opened his eyes it appeared as if a stream of fire was passing before them; but as he descended, it grew dark, and he felt a terrible pressure on his brain, and a roaring as of thunder in his ears. Yet he was conscious of his situation, and made several efforts to reach his knife, that was in his belt. At last, as he felt his strength failing and his brain reeling, the line for an instant slackened, he reached his knife, and instantly that the line became again taut, its edge was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his exhausted energies he freed himself. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over, until he awoke to an agonized sense of pain, in the boat.

One day, when the flag-ship of an American commodore was lying in the bay of Naples, she was honored by a visit from the king and royal family, with suite, who came out in gilded barges and the full parade of royalty. The ship was dressed from deck to truck in holiday attire; side-boys were mustered at the ropes, the marines presented arms, the guns thundered forth a royal salute, and the commodore welcomed his guests to the quarter-deck with the politeness befitting an officer of rank.

One of the suite, a spindle-shanked and gaudily attired Neapolitan, strayed away from the party, and, cruising about midships, espied a windsail, an object he had never seen before. As it was fully expanded by the air, he took it for a pillar, and, folding his arms, leaned against it, when it yielded to his weight, and he disappeared below, heels over head, with a velocity that was actually marvellous, as was his escape from injury. The mishap chanced to have only one witness. This was a veteran tar, who, approaching the

quarter-deck, and touching his hat, said, respectfully, "I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them are kings has fallen down the hatchway!"—*Olive Branch.*

DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.—A most interesting discovery has been made in Egypt. It is known that there exists in Mount Zabarah, situated on an island in the Red Sea, a mine of emeralds, which was formerly worked by the pachas of Egypt, but abandoned in the last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali. An English company have solicited and recently obtained authority to resume the working of this mine, which is believed to be still rich with precious stones. Mr. Allan, the engineer of the company, while directing some important excavations in this place, has discovered at a great depth traces of an ancient gallery, which must evidently be referred to the most remote antiquity. Upon removing the rubbish, they found tools and ancient utensils, and a stone upon which is engraved a hieroglyphic inscription, now partially defaced. This circumstance proves the truth of the opinion expressed by Belzoni, on the strength of other indications, that this mine was worked in ancient times.

The nature and form of the implements discovered, and the configuration of the gallery, the plan of which has been readily traced, prove most conclusively that the ancient Egyptians were skilful engineers. It seems, from examination of the stone which has been discovered, that the first labors in the mine of Zabarah were commenced in the reign of Sesostris the Great, or Rameses Sesostris, who, according to the most generally received opinion, lived about the year 1650 before Christ, and who is celebrated by his immense conquests, as well as by the innumerable monuments with which he covered Egypt.—*Com. Adv.*

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—Within a week past, nearly five hundred Chinese emigrants have arrived upon our shores, all in two ships, hale and hearty. They remain but a day or two in our city, and are then off to the mines—first buying a pickaxe, shovel, and a few necessary mining tools, and not a few of them drop their own native "rig," and equip themselves in a pair of thick heavy cowhide boots, in lieu of their wooden shoes. Besides, many of them dress up in the real Yankee style—all of which is good for trade! One feature in regard to this class of foreigners is, that even the *celestials* are rapidly acquiring our own language—and when I recently adopted the plan of distributing Chinese Bibles and tracts to them, as they came to buy goods, my heart was made glad to hear their "Thank you," with a smile of gratitude, and then to see them fold up the books carefully in their pocket handkerchiefs. This was convincing evidence to my mind that they had been sent here for good.—*Letter to the Journal of Commerce, dated San Francisco, 15 May.*

Jewish Perseverance, or the Jew at Home and Abroad; an Autobiography. By M. Lissack.

The autobiography of a Polish Jew, who, in consequence of his father's death and straitened means, was obliged to give up the study of physic and seek fortune as he could. He came to England in search of property left by a relation, but found it already distributed—at least the chief Rabbi said so; and he had to turn travelling merchant for a livelihood. He is now established at Bedford as a teacher of German.—*Spectator.*

The **LIVING AGE** is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12 cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.